

CORONET

JANUARY

25c



9000-Word Condensation of the Nation-wide Best Seller:

THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY

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CORONET

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Cover Girl

The clock strikes 12; the hour of unmasking is at hand, and Bettina Bolegard steps forward to wish you HAPPY NEW YEAR. Luckily, Paul Garrison was able to record the moment with his color lens. Miss Bolegard, wife of a writer and mother of a four-year-old son, has found time to win a name for herself as New York's top hat model. In her spare moments, she designs her own clothes and paints. She was born in Chicago 26 years ago, but spent most of her life abroad and was educated in France and England.



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Sail the high seas on a troop transport bound
for Europe with this war-wise newsman—
who chronicles the crossing in his convoy diary



Diary of a Transport

by DAVID M. NICHOL

EDITORS' NOTE: Early one morning a convoy, one of many recently, slipped from a harbor "somewhere on the eastern coast of the United States" and headed for Europe. What follows are excerpts, as they were written at the time, of a carefully-kept diary of the days and nights of the journey. Because of Hitler's ubiquitous intelligence service, portions of the journal cannot be reported at all. In others, it has been necessary to omit names, or delete references that might in any way indicate the route. Some of it was, frankly, so dull it does not bear repeating. Otherwise the notes are unchanged.

9 a.m.

SINCE 5:30 this morning we've been underway in a new convoy to Europe. Just now it doesn't seem very dramatic, but the absence of drama is a story in itself. Twice as many troops as it would normally accommodate were crowded into this vessel in the space of four hours last night. They behaved like seasoned campaigners, no noise, no excitement, no grumbling.

Half of them are below. They will have the berths until 12 o'clock. The rest are on deck or in the mess, where they must eat standing up because there isn't enough room for anything else. Only a few have ever been at sea before, but there is no alarm. A normal healthy curiosity is evident everywhere.

We are spread out like a great fan with a liquid, changing central pattern, the heart of which is a United States warship. Every few seconds it changes course, and around it the transports weave an irregular trail. They move slowly out of line, return again, alter constantly.

Off to either side are navy blimps, hovering watchfully over their charges. Farther out are destroyers, sometimes almost invisible in the morning haze, checking, circling, prepared for instant action. Earlier the warship's two scout planes were roar-

ing overhead, and one of the big Catalina flying boats joined them for a while.

Most of the men aboard have at least a strong suspicion of their destination, although none of them has been told. The announcement that mechanized equipment had landed in Ireland was enough for them.

2 p.m.

A weary lot of soldiers has gone below. A little while ago they were sleeping wherever they could. Two dozen were sprawled on the hatches forward. Two others had impossible perches on top of one of the clusters of rafts. In spite of the chill of the wind, some are still sleeping on deck.

There is some tension on board. A floating stick caused mild excitement a few minutes ago, and the situation was neatly summed up by a drawing Kentuckian.

"I'd like to be in Kentucky," he said. "We'd be too valuable sunk."

5:30 p.m.

Just finished the first boat drill, especially interesting for me because so far I don't have a spot in one.

"Not so good," says one of the captains. "I'd rather go over the ladders." I wonder!

Someone outside the porthole is singing, "One More River." Another on his way to the boat station chants like a circus barker, "All soldiers in uniform admitted free." The tryout is finished in 20 minutes.

3 p.m.

Up go the signal flags to the —'s yardarm.

"We are going to commence prac-

tice firing," they announce in the foreshortened language of the navy's merchant marine code. The warship keeps a ponderous silence.

"She should at least have asked permission," observes the ensign on the flying bridge.

Wham! go the 3-inchers in answer, a yellow flash at the stern, a black puff high in the sky, the crack of the gun, and, seconds later, the sound of the burst.

We are more correct. We ask permission—and get it—to begin some practice rounds at 1:30. The port gun is first, firing level and off to the side, away from the other ships in the convoy. Then one up into the air. The starboard gun is next. Two more shots, the yellow flash, the deafening roar. The concussion plasters your clothing flat to your body. Out of somewhere comes a tiny yellow-breasted warbler that lands at our feet, then flutters away.

The port gun fires again. This time the 20 millimeters are ready to let go at the burst, but the mate appears.

"Better hold it a while," he says, "until we rope off A deck forward. The glass is breaking."

Half-inch plates in the windows have shattered almost unheard in the general noise of the firing.

"That will be 35 dollars apiece," the captain tells the colonel sourly . . .

Running in formation has become almost a habit now. The zigzags are unequal so the pattern can never be estimated in advance by anyone who might be watching, but the distances are more accurately kept. . . .

Porpoises and blackfish are leaping and blowing on either side, to the delight of the soldiers.

"Seen any more of them whales smoking?" asks one of them. . . .

Midnight.

A captain says the view from the boatdeck is superb, so we navigate the difficult blacked-out, blacked-in passages. He's right. The moon, full and yellow, is half-way up the sky off our starboard bow. Cutting its golden track is the black silhouette of the—. Much farther out, one of our destroyer escort is visible.

7:30 p.m.

Whatever else happens, the unit will go into battle without its whiskers. The colonel gave the orders at the officers' regular meeting this afternoon.

"I expect every officer to shave regularly," the colonel announced, after two days of watching some darkening beards. "I do it, and while I have nothing personally against whiskers, there must be an example set for the men. I will expect these

conditions to be maintained, even in battle, whenever there's a lull. If you have to shave at 2 o'clock in the morning, then shave, and if the water's cold, shave anyway. I almost enjoy it."

I wonder!

Instruction is being conducted on board in subjects that don't require too extensive floor space or supplies that are buried in the holds. Rifle platoons have been assigned for practice to anti-aircraft watch, in addition to the regular guncrews. Others are studying German uniforms and aircraft for that vague future day when they may be called on to recognize them from other specimens than books.

One class into which I bump in the circle tour of A deck this afternoon is an excellent example of man's ingenuity in the destruction of his fellows with whatever weapons may be at hand. This new army that the United States is sending into the field will not be too gentlemanly in some of its aspects. It amounts to bucktown rules with the added efficiency of applied science, some of it decidedly anatomical.

"If you do this way," explains the major, theoretically breaking a Nazi sentry's arm to the right instead of the left, "you can kick him at the same time."

The troops join this grim play-acting with ad libs of their own.

7 p.m.

"This is trip number seven for this ship. We can't miss," says someone. The lieutenant-colonel provides a



soberer note at the officers' meeting today.

"Officers," he says, "must caution the men about the cork life preservers. Unless you guard yourself when you jump"—and I don't like that unconditional phrase—"the cork will strike you under the chin and knock you out."

There's the alarm bell again! Still testing.

My life preserver and those of about half of the men on board are not cork, however. They're kapok. Someone insists they will remain buoyant twelve hours longer than the cork. It's a dubious consolation.

3:15 p.m.

One of the minor acts of heroism for which no one will ever be cited has just occurred by the 3-inch forward guns. They were barking away in practice fire when No. 2 on the port side reported, "Misfire." Twice more the firing mechanism was pulled and nothing happened. The gun platform was cleared and the sulky weapon sat by itself, pointing at the empty sky for ten minutes. Again the firing pin was pulled, and still it refused. Two of the men did the only thing that was left, wheeled the gun around until its breech was as near the side as possible and then, as one pulled the block away, the other caught the live shell and heaved it over the side.

By now the routine has been firmly established. Chow takes about three hours in the morning, three more in the evening. Calisthenics are at 1 and 3 in the mornings and afternoons. Inspection is at 10:30, mornings and

David M. Nichol is well-known to Coronet readers both from his article Watch On the Alps in last year's August issue, and from Robert Yoder's account of his adventures in Cavaliers of Cablese, September issue. A member of the Chicago Daily News Foreign Staff, he is now en-route to an assignment in Russia. His saddest pre-embarcation moment came in England when he had to choose between spending his last clothes coupon on an overcoat or a suit. He chose the suit—than learned the next day about his Arctic winter.

evenings. The convoy goes on, the sea looks the same, even the confusion has been standardized.

An hour after the midnight change of bunks, units are doing calisthenics all over the ship.

On the uncovered after portion of A deck are rows of uniformed soldiers, grunting and twisting and waving their arms to the "hrrnn, two, three, four," of an instructor. Soon they'll be doing the jumping exercise! The weary ones below roll over and try to forget. Tomorrow afternoon they'll be doing the same thing.

11 a.m.

Not only the weather has been kind. An alert escort, a rash of "ashcans," and probably some other factors about which we will never know brought us last night through a "wolf-pack" attack, a trap that was set for us but snapped shut without its victims.

Shortly after 7 o'clock the warship hoisted her emergency signals. The ballet training of the earlier days was

worth all the time and energy. As one, the ships of the convoy racing at full speed, swung 45 degrees to port.

Almost immediately a destroyer on the starboard side, far out, dropped the first of the depth bombs. The —shuddered. Our course was almost due east, but the first turn brought the setting sun quartering off the stern, topping a gold pathway to the hazy horizon. But there was little time for contemplation. The first mate spotted something ahead of the lead ship. . . . Another hoist, two blasts from the whistles, and the convoy swung again. Destroyers closed in on the spot.

More turns, and we were racing north with the destroyers off the port beam silhouetted in the sinking sun. There was a flash and a puff of smoke as the "Y" guns went into action. Depth charges sailed through a huge arc to fall on either side. Water swelled and boiled over the first ones, but the second shot columns high in the air, and one of them was inky, oily black. . . . As we turned again, another destroyer to the stern picked up "something," and heaved

away with the "ashcans." . . . The warship's bells chimed seven times, and the sound drifted to us across the interval for all the world like distant church bells in a mountain valley, and oddly out of place. . . . The whole experience leaves you with the feeling of having stepped barefooted into a nest of squirming rattlesnakes, and having jumped just in time to miss the strike. . . . I think I'll plan on spending mornings and evenings above.

9 p.m.

We are swinging with the tide at anchor. . . . It is strange and pleasant not to feel the motion of the ship after the crowded days and nights. The harbor is mirror-smooth and very still. Earlier the chaplain of the neighboring—, also at anchor, was reading the news from a paper brought out by the pilot, and his voice, in the ship's public address system, was audible plainly across the water. . . . He finished with a brief prayer that found a fervent echo. All the ordinary bustle and movement of the ships was hushed suddenly as he said simply:

"Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for bringing us safely here,"

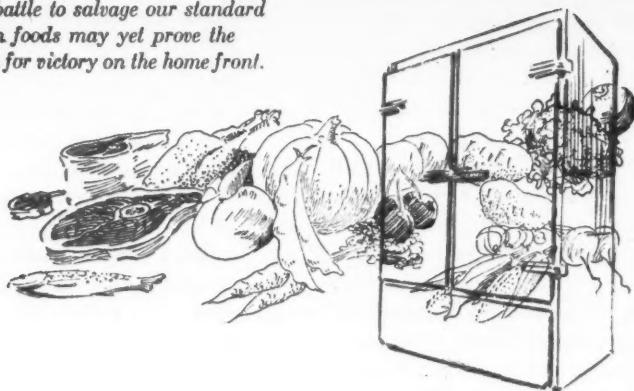


This Life We Lead . . .

When the other fellow looks that way, it's because he is dissipated.
But when you look that way it's because you're run down.

—NELLIE REVELL

In the coming battle to salvage our standard of living, frozen foods may yet prove the decisive weapon for victory on the home front.



Frozen Assets: Family Style

by SIGMUND SAMETH

JUST BEFORE fleeing from this country, a member of the German Library of Information at 17 Battery Place, New York City, bragged to me about a coming miracle in his Fatherland.

The Nazis, he claimed, were about to "blitz" production of quick-frozen foods. Huge reserves of meat and vegetables were earmarked from the larders of conquered countries. Eventually, this official spokesman crowed, the countryside of Greater Germany would be dotted with *Reichsgefrierstellen*—frozen food depots.

This propaganda handout evokes only cocked eyebrows among at least a million USA farm and urban families. For last year these families ate well and saved 55,000,000 dollars doing so—by using frozen food storage lockers. Yet theirs is no system planned for a rosy future date, but rather a new way of handling a nation's food

resources which is in actual operation right now. In parts of Nebraska, in fact, it's been going on without fanfare for 20 years.

Midwestern farmers in the middle of America's fast expanding locker belt find quick-frozen food storage so beneficial that a single county in Iowa now boasts eight locker plants.

One farming community near Sioux City was so impressed by advantages enjoyed by folks in a nearby area already served by a locker plant that they took direct action:

A committee headed by the school teacher and the County Agricultural agent canvassed the neighborhood. The younger farmers who had been around to dances and 4-H Club Meetings knew about the locker storage system and signed on the dotted line. For a few of the oldsters to whom the advantages had to be explained, simple arithmetic with a stub pencil

on the back of an envelope was all the persuasion needed.

Rentals for an entire year in advance were collected on the still nonexistent locker plant. With this cash inducement plus a local investor's offer to put up a sizeable chunk of the remaining first cost, the committee got in touch with the National Frozen Foods Locker Association in Des Moines. A former refrigerator salesman was hired to build and operate the plant.

The sequel to this story is a happy one:

The ex-salesman and his family now manage a substantial business of their own. The local capitalist is receiving a handsome return on his investment. Town merchants are learning that when 50 to 100 dollars yearly is saved on the food bill of 200 families, a sum in five figures is made available for other expenditures. Best of all, patrons now enjoy better food all year round at lower cost than formerly.

Townpeople buy meats, fish, vegetables and produce at wholesale prices comparable to those of large commercial purchasers, and store their purchases for months without loss either of flavor or nutritive value. They can have corn on the cob at Christmas, fresh cherry pie on Washington's Birthday, peas, strawberries, peaches and other tempting foods usually available for only a few weeks during the season at any time of the year—and all bought when prices are the lowest.

The farmers no longer have to buy back their five-cent hogs as 20-cent pork chops, or their eight-cent cattle

as 32-cent steaks. A saving of even 10 cents a pound retail on meat, fish, fowl, fruit or vegetables makes the average locker pay its own rental cost plus an 800 per cent cash dividend every year!

Moreover, the wastage of bumper garden and orchard crops and the spoilage of farm-slaughtered meats has virtually ceased in locker plant neighborhoods. And farm wives are saved the drudgery of home canning and curing.

LOCKER PLANTS, like the horseless carriage which wiseacres once scoffed at, are here for good. The way the lusty infant industry has taken hold is proof enough. In seven years a handful of scattered plants has grown to 4,800, doing an annual volume of 65 million dollars. The U.S. Department of Agriculture and Home Economics experts of leading universities openly boost them, but this praise pales next to the comments of the locker patrons themselves who are the industry's own best salesmen in 46 states of the Union.

From outside you'd have a hard time spotting a locker plant. Almost

Sigmund Sameth says that his interest in food preservation first became intense when he was cruising on a schooner off Newfoundland. After days of typical hard tack menus, the crew were forced to share a side of beef with maggots—all for lack of ice. Also as a professional anthropologist on field expeditions, he has studied primitive variations on the quick-freeze method. Sameth now lives in Greenwich Village, New York where, believe it or not, he's manufactured his own brand of cold storage locker.

Suggested Calendar for Filling Your Locker

JANUARY Beef Pork Wild Game	FEBRUARY Beef Pork Wild Game	MARCH Beef Pork Wild Game Sea Foods	APRIL Sea Foods
MAY Peas Asparagus Strawberries Other early fruits and vegetables	JUNE Early fruits and vegetables	JULY Sweet Corn Snapbeans Lima beans Cherries Raspberries Grapes Watermelons	AUGUST Blackberries Other midsummer fruits and veg- etables Chickens
SEPTEMBER Peaches Apricots Apples Other late fruits	OCTOBER Peaches Apricots Apples Other late fruits	NOVEMBER Pork Lamb Beef, etc.	DECEMBER Pork Lamb Beef, etc.

any solid building can be insulated and converted for locker operation. Abandoned creameries, old ice plants, even a former dry-cleaning establishment are today helping to fight the battle of food on the home front.

That gleaming pre-built unit in the back of your grocery shop or butcher store is also a full-fledged locker plant. It only serves 50 families, instead of three or four thousand as the largest plants do, but the service is identical.

Such portable units are being pushed by a score of manufacturers. They can be installed in a defense housing area or in an apartment house basement on six days' notice. One Minnesota grocer whose business was dying on its feet because of an un-

fortunate location, outstripped competition as soon as he increased store traffic with a vest pocket locker plant.

Let's visit a typical plant. It's bound to affect your standard of living and mine within the next few years—if it hasn't already done so.

It's a low brick structure in the pleasant kind of suburb where town and country mingle. Until recently most of the patrons arrived in their own cars or trucks, but today the gravelled driveway is empty. Folks use the bus stop at the foot of the hill instead and walk the remaining quarter of a mile. A lady with a market bag got off the bus just now.

It's Mrs. Tompkins, the young dentist's wife, who acts as his office recep-

tionist too. She doesn't get out to do her shopping until most housewives have their dinners on the range. Luckily quick-frozen foods take only half as long to cook, saving time as well as vitamins and cooking gas.

The way Mrs. Tompkins unlocks the front door you'd think she owns the place, but she's only one of 400 customers who pay 12 dollars a year apiece as locker rental. After five o'clock the butcher and the manager go home, but patrons can let themselves in at any hour. This is convenient when extra guests arrive, or when a juicy midnight sirloin sounds tempting.

Mrs. Tompkins doesn't bother to remove her coat. To get to her locker, a roomy steel one that looks like an office filing case, she has to brave a temperature which is kept at an unvarying 12 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Brrrr. I couldn't stand that," she exclaimed when the locker idea was still new to her.

Since then she's learned that entering the locker room is no worse than stepping out of doors for a few minutes in the wintertime.

Some of the most modern plants, incidentally, even humor claustrophobes. You sit comfortably in an air-conditioned room and merely press a button to make the colder-than-freezing locker glide silently up to you.

Mrs. Tompkins' locker is well filled. She knows that she's not getting her monthly dollar's worth if she keeps it like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. If the doctor bags a deer on his hunting trip, for instance, she'll have to rent a

second one. In the summer she rents an extra one anyway, since Junior raises a flock of backyard broilers. Meanwhile the extra storage space for 400 pounds of solid food costs less than a morning newspaper. She doesn't know it, of course, but Mrs. Tompkins and a million like her help cushion fluctuating food prices with their "ever normal granary."

THE MOST VITAL part of a locker plant—the unit which makes the whole scheme feasible—is the quick-freezer. An American tourist named Birdseye, after watching an Eskimo woman catch fish with the temperature at 40 below, invented it. He made possible not only locker plants but the entire quick-frozen food industry whose familiar packages have created a whole army of potential locker patrons.

Quick freezing is *not* cold storage, and if you want to see someone bristle just intimate to a locker convert that it is. The cold storage plants of 1918 vintage were generally dank and foul warehouses where temperatures might rise as high as 45 degrees. Here were dumped cheese, lard, mutton and "banquet" poultry of inferior quality together with "renovated" butter and eggs of dubious freshness. A glut of apples or oranges on the market brought new crates and barrels to clutter the darkened rooms for months. The foods absorbed each other's odors, gave up moisture and became soft and pulpy. No wonder cold storage got a bad name.

But now the near-thawing tempera-

tures and dangerous putrefactive changes of cold storage days are gone. Instead, foods are subjected to a blast of Arctic temperature—as low as minus 35 degrees Fahrenheit in the conveyer belt processes used by commercial packers. The instantaneous freezing makes the difference. For the ice crystals formed in the tissues of the food are so tiny that they do not rupture the cell walls. Instead of jagged needle-like crystals which leave only a mush after thawing, quick-frozen foods retain their original crispness and texture. Public health authorities also point out that the dread trichina parasite of pork is destroyed by quick-freezing, along with other microorganisms injurious to man.

The key unit of a locker plant is the quick-freezer, but the key man of the plant is its butcher. Anyone can put up fruits and vegetables in paper boxes or cellophane sacks and see them through the quick-freezer and into the locker where they may remain for 12 months or more. Not so with a bulky side of beef, which must be selected with skill at the wholesale markets or even bought on the hoof.

For a small service fee the locker plant butcher becomes your agent at the stockyards. He knows just how thick you like your steaks, just what size roasts your family prefers.

"Frank, my locker is low on meat. Only 30 pounds left," you tell him, glancing at your inventory card in its holder inside the locker door. "Buy me a nice grain-fed steer at the auction tomorrow."

You can rest assured that your steer

will be a prime grade of beef. It will be hung in the locker plant just long enough to age properly. Then it will be custom butchered to your individual requirements, the various cuts wrapped in convenient one-meal packages. It will be rubber stamped with date and description, quick frozen until it is as solid as a brick and finally deposited in the locker for which you have the only other key. Your plant manager will buy vegetables in the wholesale markets for you the same way.

LOCKER PLANTS are a growing employment market for skilled butchers, but until lately a butcher who worked for one was a renegade indeed. The mushrooming locker industry with its promise to alter the whole system of meat distribution was Number One on the Headache Parade for 200 thousand established retail meat dealers. With locker users ordering a whole side or loin of beef instead of a pot roast, and a whole hog instead of a pork chop the corner butcher with his legitimate and inevitable price mark-up saw himself by-passed by progress. But prefabricated locker plants suitable for back-of-the-store installation cured his blues. Today the alert meat dealer has installed or is planning to install one. He sells more at a smaller margin but comes out on top in the end. The butchering service charges are sheer bonus since he needs no extra equipment and the meat cutters he employs are idle 20 minutes out of every hour.

Locker plants have given their own-

ers headaches too. For a while they were plagued by what refrigeration engineers call "air-wipe," which stole the moisture from meats and vegetables and led to discolorations known as freezer burns. But an improved wrapping paper, triple waxed on the inside, solved this problem. The six-pound roasting fowl which you wrap and seal today will still be six juicy pounds, not four and a fraction, when you remove it for a Sunday dinner six months hence.

Locker operators are still in the process of streamlining their industry. They have their own organization and trade journal and are currently working out a code of standardization. They like to feel that locker folks are one big family. There are always notes on locker plant bulletin boards: FARMER JIM COBB IN BACK OF THE METHODIST CHURCH HAS TWO ACRES OF RIPE MELONS HE WANTS TO SELL QUICK.

OR: MRS. SANDERS OR WHOEVER READS THIS, IF YOU ARE GOING TO WHOLESALE MKT. THIS WEEK SEND UP A CRATE OF ASPARAGUS FOR ME IF YOU CAN GET NICE SMALL ONES AND THEY ARE STILL SELLING CHEAP. BUSY WITH HOUSE GUESTS. I'LL DO SAME FOR YOU. MABEL HICKS.

A few vegetables like lettuce and fresh tomatoes can't be quick-frozen—yet. That's something which the operators are working on now. They're also doing a grand job of educating consumers to long range buying habits. The locker patron can make his dollar do a two-way stretch, but he has to budget for larger cash outlays.

Priorities have slowed up the phe-

nomenal expansion rate but new locker plants continue to go up. Where the County War Board can state that a community needs and will welcome locker service, priority assistance is forthcoming through the Office of Agricultural War Relations. The strategic materials in three average sized automobiles will completely equip a plant to serve a thousand people. On a countrywide scale these Victory locker plants, stripped to bare essentials, reduce civilian demand for goods packaged in precious tin, decentralize food storage in the event of air attack and release transportation facilities.

Already an estimated 75,000 freight carloadings have been shunted from food carrying to other war essentials as a direct result of local locker plant storage. Legislation may soon drop a frank governmental subsidy in the locker operator's lap. Around the time that filling station attendants and rubber tire dealers began to seek other employment, locker operators resigned themselves to becoming a military casualty too. Now Uncle Sam is telling them they're too valuable to scrap.

They're running the only bank in the world that is solvent when its assets are frozen.

—Suggestions for further reading:

REFRIGERATED LOCKER PLANT MANUAL
by W. E. Guest \$3.00

Nickerson and Collins, Inc., Chicago
NOTES ON REFRIGERATED LOCKER STORAGE
Business News Publishing Company, \$1.00
Detroit

ORGANIZING A REFRIGERATED FOOD
LOCKER ASSOCIATION

by L. B. Mann Free
Farm Credit Administration

Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain



• • • Among apparently valid stories of haunted houses, few have caused so much commotion as the "Bealing Bells." Yet the ghost in this case did nothing but pull the bell wires.

Great Bealing, a large house in Suffolk, England, was fitted with a number of the conventional bell pulls used at that date—1834. The bell wires were visible for their entire length, from the pulls to the bells which they sounded. The owner of the house was Major Edward Moor, F.R.S., scientist, soldier and author.

On March 1, 1834, and for six weeks thereafter, the bells were rung many times a day by some mysterious agency. Major Moor searched the house. He stationed observers to watch the wires. Finally he cleared the house of all living things, sealed it, and watched alone in the kitchen where the bells were located. Still they

rang, sometimes four or five at once with a violence which could not be duplicated even by jerking the wires until they broke.

Major Moor wrote a book about the phenomena. No one ever questioned his honesty or scientific capabilities, but no one has ever brought forward a "natural" explanation of how the bells might have been rung.



• • • Just before the First World War, science decided to test once and for all the supposedly mythical ability of "diviners" to find water with forked sticks. An outstanding investigator was selected. He was Professor W. F. Barrett, then holding the chair of experimental physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland. His investigations covered many months,

a large number of outstanding diviners being tested. Summing up his findings, Professor Barrett stated:

"At first sight few subjects appear to be so utterly beneath scientific investigation as the divining rod. Nevertheless . . . my careful and critical examination shows that certain diviners have a genuine facility or faculty for finding underground water. *This faculty no known scientific explanation can account for.* Personally, I believe the explanation will be found in some faculty akin to clairvoyance."

Nobody could deny the standing of Professor Barrett. Nobody could deny the specific conclusions of his report. Everybody forgot.

And water diviners went on finding water with a forked stick.



. . . Great Victorian contralto Madame Holmes invariably followed the same routine upon returning home after a concert. First, she would tap on the glass panel of her front door. Upon hearing the tap, her six-year-old daughter would run downstairs and open the door. The singer would then wrap the girl in the folds of her cloak and carry her back to bed.

One night upon hearing the accustomed signal, the child rushed to the door in such haste that she upset a small table, strewing its contents across the floor. Her mother greeted her as usual and carried her to bed.

Next morning the little girl told her nurse the incidents of her mother's

arrival, explaining that she was sorry she had upset the table.

"Yes," the nurse replied, "we found the table upset. We wondered . . ."

They had good cause to wonder—for Madame Holmes had not returned that night. She had died at the theater, a few moments after singing her last number. The facts of the story are recorded by Julian B. Arnold in his book, *Giants in Dressing Gowns*. And he ought to know. He was the husband of Madame Holmes' daughter.



. . . In the sober files of the *Monthly Weather Review* is a strange report. For three weeks, beginning October 1, 1886, rain fell every day from a clear sky on a small area near Charlotte, North Carolina.

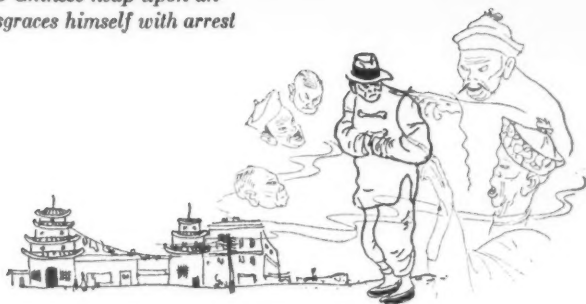
The Signal Service observer at Charlotte investigated and reported in the *Weather Review*:

"I visited the place on October 21 and saw precipitation in the form of rain drops at 4:47 and 4:55 p.m., while the sun was shining brightly. On the 22nd I again visited the place, and from 4:05 to 4:25 p.m. a light shower of rain fell from a cloudless sky. . . . The precipitation only fell over an area of half an acre, and appeared to center around two trees."

Rain from a cloudless sky is peculiar enough, but rain which falls from a cloudless sky over an area only an acre in size at the same time each day is doubly hard to explain.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

A jail sentence is easier to take than the scorn and ridicule the Chinese heap upon an erring cousin who disgraces himself with arrest



Justice on a Joss Stick

by CARL GLICK

"NOT GUILTY!" said the foreman of the jury and Foo-Ling, instead of smiling with relief, shook his head sadly.

As far as the American courts were concerned, Foo-Ling was now a free man and could go about his business. Yet at this moment, his innocence established, Foo-Ling looked even unhappier than on the day he had been brought into court for trial.

"Come, come," said his attorney, "you are free. You can go back to Chinatown and celebrate—have a big banquet with your friends—a good time."

"No celebration—no banquet—no good time—no friends. I go home, but not like. I better off in jail," he replied, mysteriously. "I go. Thank you. Goodbye."

As he shambled from the courtroom he appeared a man resigned to his fate, on his way to receive a bitter

punishment. And that, exactly, was what was going to happen.

What the American attorney, hired by Foo-Ling's cousins to defend him, didn't understand was that returning to Chinatown and explaining to his relatives and friends why he had been arrested was a harder pill to swallow than being sentenced to jail.

For, contrary to popular belief—a belief largely due to the lurid tales of the "sinister Chinese" by writers of cheap fiction—the Chinese are a law-abiding, peace-loving people. In fact, crime among the Chinese in this country is so rare as to be almost negligible. There are fewer Chinese brought into our American courts than any other people.

I went to Chinatown to see if I could find out if there were any particular reason for this. But when I told my friend Jung that out of 520,135 arrests made in this country in 1937,

only 1,120 were Chinese, he was most apologetic.

"That many in one year?" he said, shaking his head sadly. "Too many by far. I am afraid my people are not yet perfect."

Then he told why the Chinese crime rate is not higher. And the story of Foo-Ling serves as a good illustration.

Foo-Ling, upon his return to Chinatown, had to go first to his Kung Saw Fong, the headquarters of his Kung Saw. In Chinese communal life, the individual doesn't count much as an individual. He is important only in his relation to his family. So in Chinatown all the Chins, the Lees, the Chus, and so forth have what is known as the Kung Saw, or family guild. Whether or not they are blood relatives, all with the same name are considered *hing dai*, or "cousins"—members of one great family. Every Chinese belongs to his family Kung Saw and pays yearly dues for its support. Kung Saw literally translated means, "I am with you, all pulling together."

HERE, in the Kung Saw Fong, all affairs involving behavior, economic difficulties, disputes, and so forth are administered by the elders of the clan. Since a family has its Kung Saw in every city where there is a Chinatown, there are national officers, too, and the Kung Saws in various cities keep in close touch with each other.

When Foo-Ling was arrested, his Kung Saw was promptly notified. One of his *hing dai*—cousins—went to all the members of the Kung Saw, to

raise money for Foo-Ling's defense. In all, several hundred men reached into their pockets.

"That was very generous of them," I said to Jung.

"Yes, of course—but generosity was not the whole motive," he replied. "They gave this money to teach Foo-Ling a lesson."

Each contribution was marked down in a little book called *Ne boo*. This book was kept at the Kung Saw headquarters, and all who wished might look to see just what it cost the clan when Foo-Ling got into trouble.

So when Foo-Ling returned to Chinatown, he had to explain not to one man or two who had helped him, but to several hundred. He wasn't able to slip back quietly into his own groove again, all forgotten and forgiven. He had to work doubly hard to pay back the money advanced him.

Nor was he given a banquet to celebrate his acquittal. Nor was sympathy extended to him. He became the object of much scorn and ridicule. He had to stand before the elders in a meeting at the Kung Saw headquarters and explain in detail why he had been arrested, and what he had done to attract the police.

Surely where there is smoke there is fire—and why had he been so stupid as to let his actions be misinterpreted? Did he have an enjoyable time in the court-room? Did the Judge offer him a cup of tea to refresh him when he was tired? Just how embarrassing were the questions asked him? How many times was he called a liar? Were his manners so



bad that society had to take action against him? Was his father a criminal, too? What was his mother like? Was he so foolish he didn't know the difference between his left hand and his right? And why had he been so stupid as to lay himself open to an accusation of crime—even a false one?

These and similar questions Foo-Ling had to answer. It wasn't easy. No man likes to be ridiculed.

Foo-Ling will work doubly hard, watch carefully his every action, and do all he can to prove to his relatives and friends that he is a sober, industrious, honest man. That is why so rarely is there a second or third offender among the Chinese. But should a man be arrested the second time, the Kung Saw washes its hands of him, and he is left to shift for himself from then on.

He has disgraced the family name, and until such time as he has proved himself worthy of forgiveness, he is an

outcast. And that's doubly hard to take in a society that places first allegiance to upholding the traditional family honor.

There's yet another reason why we so seldom see Chinese in our law courts; not only our criminal courts, but civil courts as well.

Disputes between members of the same clan are handled in the council of the Kung Saw. Both sides, without the aid of wrangling lawyers, present their case. On the altar where the family god smiles down with ancient wisdom, candles are lighted. Each man telling his story blows out the candles, saying, "If I tell a lie, may my life be snuffed out as easily as this flame."

Carefully the elders listen, and then give their decision. And this decision is abided by, such is the respect the Chinese pay to the elders, the wise men of the family, whom they have chosen to dispense justice.

But should disputes arise between members of two different families, the case is taken to the Chinese Benevolent Association, or as it is known in Chinatown, the Chung War Kung Saw.

This is composed of representatives of all the family Kung Saws, and translated means, "All the family clubs of all the families."

JUSTICE in the Chinese manner in this Chung War Kung Saw is administered by a council of seven elders, each representing one of the larger Kung Saws, or in some cases one man represents several of the

smaller family clans. These elders are elected every two years.

The procedure here is the same as in the family Kung Saw. When the facts on both sides have been presented, the elders debate, and judgment is passed. Most of their decisions result in a compromise; for when two people quarrel there is right and wrong on both sides.

Should a Chinese still think he has not received justice, the matter would be referred to the Chinese Counsel-General, who would act as arbitrator. And his decision would be final.

Once, so Jung told me, a Chinese not satisfied with the decision of the Chung War Kung Saw went to the police station and asked to be arrested. It was a puzzled police captain who listened to his story.

He had been a collector of rents in an apartment building owned by another Chinese, and had embezzled funds entrusted to him. He was caught and taken before the council of elders of the Chung War Kung Saw, who sentenced him to continue working for the landlord—as a humble janitor instead of collector of rents. And he was told by the elders he must pay back out of his small weekly wages every cent he had embezzled.

The elders had reasoned this out sanely. The landlord was in the right. But if the offender were dragged into our courts and sent to prison, what good would that do the landlord? He wouldn't get his money back, and what's more, people would view him with suspicion.

Was he so careless a business man

that he placed himself in a position where a man could steal from him? Was he such a poor judge of human nature that he hired a dishonest man to work for him?

But to have the offender continue to work for the landlord would prove to the world that the embezzler, despite his error, was now trying to live like an honest man; and that the landlord was not only a just man, but able to run his business successfully. He'd get his money back, too.

But the embezzler didn't like it. "To be a humble janitor where once I've been a proud rent collector makes me lose much face," he told the police captain. "Every day as I work I get laughed at. People close and lock their doors lest I steal the big kitchen table. Mothers point me out to their small sons as a bad example. You arrest me in the American manner, and I say, 'Guilty.' I'm better off in jail."

BUT HE DIDN'T GO TO JAIL, for the landlord refused to testify against him. He even raised his salary and again Chinese justice triumphed. This way the landlord showed that he was not only a forgiving man but a good business one as well, for he now received a little more each week on the debt due him. He also made the janitor happy, for the raise meant he was entitled to more respect from the tenants.

"There are two philosophical principles," said Jung, "which may explain in part the low crime rate among the Chinese. The first is the Chinese Golden Rule. Confucius said

over two thousand years ago, 'What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.' "

As he explained it to me, it is really very simple. Pay your debts to him, so that he may pay his debts to you. Do not steal from him, so that he may not steal from you. Grant him a right to make an honest living, so that he may do the same for you.

The second principle naturally springs from the first. To live in peace among his fellowmen, a man should strive for the respect of others. Popular opinion against wrongdoing should be so strong that no man will want to break the law and lose respect.

The simple life, as the Chinese see

it, is summed up in the saying of Confucius, "What the fool seeks is in others; what the superior man seeks is in himself."

"If a man makes a good companion of himself," said Jung, "it is not necessary to run with the crowd for pleasure. Make friends with the moon and cultivate the acquaintance of a landscape. It is better to drink a cup of tea or write a poem—even a bad poem—and talk philosophy as we are doing, than to be a gangster and get into trouble. If the individual is right—society is right."

And seeking their pleasures among the simple things of life, the Chinese somehow manage to stay out of jail.

Quick Mail

THE CHINESE, peace-loving and law-abiding, is rarely arrested. But once in a while, unfamiliarity with the language and customs of America gets him in trouble. A typical case occurred in one of our Chinatowns recently, when one of our cousins from the Orient inquired:

"Where, please, do I mail letter?"

"There's a box on the corner," was the answer.

And sure enough there was—a nice, bright, red box. He smiled happily. Red, to the Chinese, is the color symbolizing good luck. So mailing his letter in a red box meant safe delivery, a satisfactory answer, and no more worries.

He opened the box, but saw no place in which to drop his letter. However, there was a lever, and it said, "Pull."

He pulled. Nothing happened.

He pulled the lever again, and waited. Nothing happened. He pulled it a third—a fourth time. And then things began to happen.

Pandemonium broke loose. There was a scream of sirens. Thundering around the corner came the fire trucks. The street was jammed with engines, but the expectant firemen pulling on their rubber coats saw, instead of smoke and a blaze, one smiling Chinese standing by the fire-alarm box.

"What's going on here?" asked the fire chief.

"Thank you," said the Chinese, handing him the letter. "American system very fast—very fine. Much better than in China. I send for postman, and many trucks appear to take one small letter from my humble and unworthy self. Thank you. Very fine."

The real story of Henry Kaiser's silent partner, Howard Hughes, who handles big business, aviation and Hollywood with all the dexterity of a Superman.



Howard Hughes: Hell's Angel

by VICTOR HUGO BOESEN

A MAN WITH a Rube Goldbergian contraption for sending code once called on Howard Hughes seeking financial backing to perfect his invention. Hughes examined the device, which resembled nothing he had ever seen before, then flabbergasted the inventor by giving him a complete oral blueprint for the machine's proper reconstruction.

This incident epitomizes the technical genius of the tall, slim young man of 37 chosen by Henry J. Kaiser to team with him in the creation of gargantuan cargo airplanes.

Of Kaiser himself, much has been written: how, with no previous experience, he cut ship-building time from 309 days for a 10,000-tonner in the first World War, to ten days for a larger ship in 1942. Looking like a benevolent Buddha, patiently amused with the "it-can't-be-done" specialists all about him, Kaiser does one

herculean job after another. Take Grand Coulee Dam, for instance, or the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, the world's longest span. Both were considered "impossible"—nevertheless Kaiser built them in less time than even he allowed himself.

But little is known of Hughes, a rangy six foot, three inch bachelor, except that he once looped an airplane around the globe in the fairy tale time of less than four days, flew across the continent in seven hours, and made a movie called *Hell's Angels*, which has never been off the screen since its first release a dozen years ago.

And yet behind this legend lives one of the nation's most important and fabulous men. He owns perhaps the largest industrial empire south of the Mason-Dixon Line. The nucleus of this is the Hughes Tool Company in Houston, Texas, founded by his

late father, where he manufactures oil field equipment. Two recent undertakings are a plant for making airplane undercarriages and another to turn out cannon. He also owns the Gulf Brewing Company, largest brewery in Texas, and the Hughes Aircraft Company in Culver City, California, where the new cargo plane will be designed. He owns most of the stock in Transcontinental and Western Airlines. And in an altogether different field, the Hughes Productions of Hollywood is a major motion picture concern, distinguished for the fact that it has seldom made a movie that hasn't been a financial and artistic success.

INDRAWN and pensive, Hughes keeps his personal life to himself, and admits so few to his confidence that he suggests a figure of loneliness. He is an indefatigable worker who drives himself for months with but four hours' sleep at a time, and possesses rare executive ability. He keeps this jigsaw empire laced together personally, and no important decision is made in any branch without his knowledge.

Yet he has somehow found time to establish several airplane speed records. Besides ringing the earth and spanning the nation in whip-crack time, he also hung up a landplane mark of 353 miles an hour. These have won him two Harmon Trophies, aviation's highest award, and the Collier Trophy.

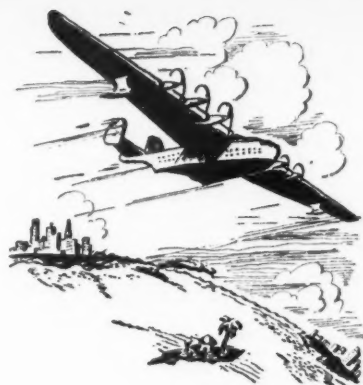
And this is no amateur record. Pilots consider Hughes one of the best.

He knows not only what is happening in flight, aerodynamically and mechanically, but also why it is happening. Instructors who taught him to fly recall that they never could get away with merely telling him what to do. Hughes insisted on knowing the reasons so that he absorbed vastly more knowledge in a given time than the average student.

Born Christmas Eve in 1905 in Houston, an only child, he lost his mother when he was 16 and his father two years later. Howard then gave up his schooling at Houston's Rice Institute of Technology and took over direction of the family business, which was built on a revolutionary drill bit invented by the elder Hughes. A few months later, at 19, he obtained legal right to run this hefty enterprise without supervision. During the oil boom of the late Twenties, it grossed five million dollars annually.

Hughes displayed technical precocity as a lad in short pants. He was one of the early "ham" radio operators, as indicated by his call letters which were 5-CY. At the age of 12, he built an electric bicycle.

Inherently an artist as well as a business man and technician, the strapping multi-millionaire, aged 20, expanded into motion picture production. Hollywood, always disinclined to believe that its own miracles could be matched by any outsider, was betting everything against him down to the last yes-man's last affirmative. But Hughes met the challenge by turning out five hit pictures in a row. One of them, *Two Arabian Knights*, won the



Academy Award as the best comedy of the year.

But in *Hell's Angels* it looked as if the skeptics would be vindicated. Hughes had already sunk millions in the production when Al Jolson's rendition of a mammy song into a microphone brutally ushered in the sound picture. Hughes patiently started in on a remake, laddling out more fortunes, while at the same time refusing to buy a home because real estate was "too risky." Time passed. People began to make jokes. A patriarch observing his 105th birthday was said to be the only man living who could remember the start of *Hell's Angels*.

The picture finally was completed, at a cost of four million dollars, an all-time record. Hughes had all his money back and two million dollars besides within three years.

THIS TRAIT of going whole hog or nothing is displayed in everything he does. When Jack Frye, President of Transcontinental and Western Airlines, complained to him that he

could not get along with the bankers who controlled the company, Hughes promptly bought out the bankers. He acquired 70,000 shares, constituting control of the company. He immediately ordered five airplanes of an entirely new and larger type. These, the first four-engined, pressure-cabin airliners ever placed in service, were an immediate success. Called "Stratoliners," they were soon well-known to all air travelers.

Meanwhile, Hughes continued to buy TWA stock from anyone who had some and was willing to sell—until today he owns almost one-half million shares.

All this was merely ground-breaking to assure a place for his dream ship, the *Constellation*, world's largest and most luxurious passenger plane. This mighty ship, traveling in the stratosphere and manned by a crew of seven, will span the continent non-stop in eight and one half hours with 57 passengers by day or 22 berthed by night.

Hughes has committed himself to the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation for 20 million dollars out of his own pocket to build 40 of these giants. He took all the risk personally rather than involve the other TWA stockholders.

In view of this boundless courage and vision, matching Henry Kaiser's, it is no surprise that while more timorous men were finding all sorts of reasons why super cargo planes could not or should not be built, Hughes was quietly going ahead with construction of a model of the plane: a

twin-hulled 120-ton behemoth.

The Kaiser-Hughes combine really rocked Washington with its proposal to build 5 hundred of the biggest flying boats aloft—seven-motored "Liberty Planes," capable of toting 60-ton loads. With WPB's blessing, three of these super-super cargo ships, conceived by Hughes, will be constructed for testing purposes only.

While the rank and file of men marvel at such things, to Hughes it is all in the day's work. When on the eve of his world flight he took leave of a friend after dining, he remarked casually, "Well, I'll see you in a few days." On his return to California, after telling reporters in New York that "any good airline pilot could have done it," he ate with this same friend at a toadstool diner, avoiding the hullabaloo of a more conspicuous place. The friend, bursting with curiosity, said, "Well, did you have a good trip?"

"Yeah," said Hughes non-committally, "it worked out all right."

He might have pointed out that he averaged three miles a minute all the 15 thousand miles, was never more than six miles off course, and flew only 20 miles farther than the shortest route. He had tested and proved scores of new instruments to the good of aviation, and had 2000 tons of telephone books and ticker tape dumped on him in New York.

Despite his own personal perfectionism as shown in his relentless and unremitting demands upon himself, Hughes has the utmost confidence in the work done in his shop. Thus, when his "Design Number 1" airplane was

completed and ready for its test flight, he looked at his men and said: "Have you inspected everything?"

The answer was: "Yes."

Hughes said: "That's good enough for me." Whereupon, without the personal fine tooth checking most pilots give a new type of plane, he proceeded to take the ship off on its first flight.

Working on an airplane, he is indistinguishable in his soiled clothes from any other grease monkey.

And, for that matter, he is scarcely recognizable as a man of affairs at any other time. Occasionally, driving his car, he runs out of fuel. Walking to the nearest gasoline station, he either has to leave his watch for a gallon of gas or telephone his office to vouch for him. For the chances are he has no money, and the station attendant only guffaws at the idea he could be Howard Hughes.

HUGHES is very careful of his health and refuses to drink milk not served in bottles. When he is under a protracted work strain he consumes up to four quarts a day. He prefers to have his lunch brought in from home, and when he is directing a picture, he has bits of sandwiches stuck about on the props so he may eat while he works.

Though Hughes deals in millions of dollars at a stroke as another man would handle a hundred, he is acutely sensitive to waste. A scene in his newest picture, *The Outlaw*, called for a performer to bite into a piece of roast chicken. When Hughes saw her go after an entire fowl, he cried out plaintively to the prop men responsible,

"Why did you get a whole chicken?"

None dared tell him they had five more in reserve for retakes.

On the other hand, when stage carpenters told him it would cost 15 hundred dollars to make a certain change in the set which Hughes wanted, it made no difference—so long as it improved the net result.

Hughes makes no compromise with perfection and his associates have long since learned better than to say a thing can't be done, for he invariably

shows them how; just as his team mate in opening a new era in aerial transportation, Henry Kaiser recognizes no obstacles to production.

"We will get the materials from the *ground!*" thunders Kaiser to the doubtful, "and *build* the plant capacity!"

"The future of aviation is beyond the scope of the most fantastic imagination," said Hughes after his world argosy.

Beyond the scope of all but such men as Henry Kaiser and Howard Hughes.



City Dumps Are Gold Mines

WAR MAKES gold mines out of city dumps.

For proof, ask a smiling Irish-American engineer named Arthur Hudson. Midas of the junkyards in Los Angeles, California, he helped build the \$20,000 Rube Goldbergian contraption which daily reclaims about \$200 worth of scrap for America's war effort.

Roughly 100 tons of the city's cast-off property is sifted each day in this mechanical Frankenstein, which is a maze of revolving wheels, flapping belts, and water-agitated jigs. Dragnets haul the junk in large scoops to the main conveyor, from where it is carried to a rotating drum, washed, and sorted. Electro-magnets pick out the precious vital metals. From

each 100 tons of junk is reclaimed about six tons of scrap iron, a ton and a half of copper lead, several ounces of gold, and a vast assortment of miscellany. For at least another eight years Hudson's seven-man crew will be mining the yard's 250,000 remaining unsifted tons, and he bids fair to make a cool million dollar profit before he is through.

Hudson claims that America's junkyards are rich gold mines of precious scrap, maybe as much as 1,000,000 tons. That amount of metal can blow a lot of Japs up.

He proffers one tip to would-be gold miners—pick a yard in which fire has burned the combustible material. It's much easier to work. —ANDY HAMILTON

THIS LETTER WAS RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF CORONET:

I have learned with much pleasure of your plan to prepare a Pan American calendar and to foster the observance of Pan American Day, our Continental holiday. By depicting the holidays of the American Republics, the calendar will serve to unite the peoples of the Western Hemisphere for a common observance of significant events in each nation's life.

The Pan American Union will be pleased to cooperate in transmitting Pan American Day greetings to our neighbor nations. Such a demonstration of friendship will be most appropriate at this time, when the Republics of Latin America are cooperating in the war effort by providing indispensable strategic materials and bases, and by exercising strict surveillance over the activities of aliens.

I offer my sincere congratulations to the editors of Coronet and extend my heartiest wishes for the success of the plan.

—L. S. ROWE, Director General, Pan American Union

A Pan American Suggestion

You have read Dr. Rowe's letter above. The editors of Coronet now urge you to read—and act upon—this message. It is addressed to every responsible citizen.

If you will do just two simple things, you can make a fine contribution to inter-American fellowship.

First: Ask Coronet for an extra reprint of the Walt Disney calendar facing this page, or use the one in the book. Then draw an extra red circle around April 14th—Pan American Day—and put the calendar where you will be sure to remember this day.

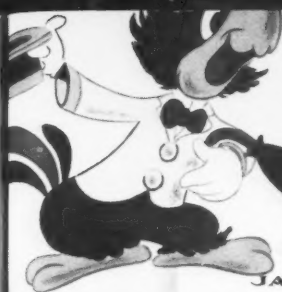
Then: On April 14th, get together with members of some organization to which you belong—Rotary, Kiwanis, Chamber of Commerce, school or church group—and send greetings to the people of Latin America, addressed to the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C. In anticipation of Pan American Day, plan special functions and encourage other organizations to do likewise. Similar programs are being arranged by groups in all the Latin American Republics.

You will note from the calendar that the 21 democracies of North and South America have many important holidays—but only one occasion, Pan American Day, which is distinctively and exclusively American. It is especially desirable in 1943 that we communicate our greetings to our friends in the other Americas.

Arrangements have been made to reproduce your messages in microfilm and deliver copies to the diplomatic representatives of each of the Latin American countries in Washington. They will then be transmitted to every capital in the Americas.

So don't forget. This isn't much to ask—but it will bring you closer to your friends in Latin America—and them closer to you.





Saludos

JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					①	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	⑫	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	⑫	23	24	25	26	27
28						

MAY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	⑭	15
16	17	18	19	⑳	21	22
23	24	⑫	25	26	27	28
29						

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5			
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	⑦	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	⑮	⑯	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2						
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	⑫	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Red Letter

January 1—Independence Day: Haiti
 February 12—Abraham Lincoln's Birthday
 February 22—Geo. Washington's Birthday
 April 14—Pan American Day
 April 25—Easter
 May 14—Independence Day: Paraguay
 May 20—Procl. of the Republic: Cuba
 May 25—Proclamation of Independence: Argentina
 May 30—Decoration Day: United States

July 4—Independence Day
 July 5—Independence Day
 July 9—Day of the Rev.: Argentina
 July 20—Independence Day
 July 24—Simon Bolivar's Birthday
 July 28—Independence Day
 August 6—Independence Day
 August 10—Independence Day
 August 16—Restoration of the Republic



MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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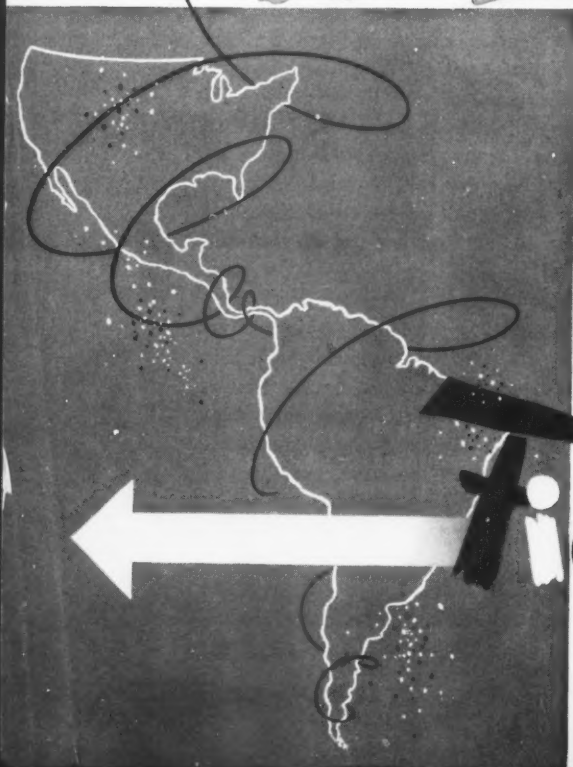
and Letter Dates

Independence Day: United States
 Independence Day: Venezuela
 Day of the Rev.: Argentina
 —Independence Day: Colombia
 —Simon Bolivar's Birthday
 —Independence Day: Peru
 —Independence Day: Bolivia
 10—Independence Day: Ecuador
 6—Restoration of the Dominican Republic

August 25—Independence Day: Uruguay
 September 7—Independence Day: Brazil
 September 15—Independence Day: Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua
 September 16—Independence Day: Mexico
 September 18—Independence Day: Chile
 October 12—Columbus Day
 November 3—Independence Day: Panama
 December 25—Christmas Day

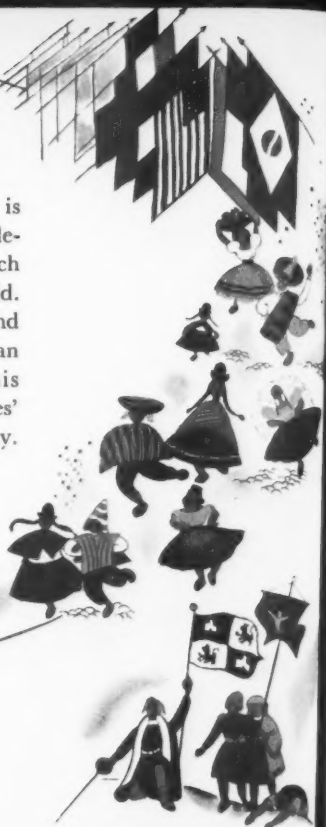
Walt Disney

*Whether he's a Señor or just plain
Yank, every man Jack of the Western
Hemisphere is wishing his neighbor
Felices Años—A Happy New Year.*



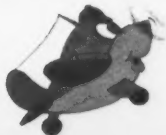
Fiesta

Pan-American Day: Though this is the youngest holiday on the calendar, its first celebration in 1931 takes on added significance each year and particularly now in a war-torn world. For it commemorates the political, economic and spiritual unity of the 21 Republics of the American Continent. South Americans look to this date to forge more strongly their countries' links of friendship and common love of liberty.



Columbus Day: In South America, as in the United States, October 12 signifies the founding of a new land where freedom loving people, regardless of race or creed, were given the chance to build their lives, unshackled by the tyranny of the old world. Below the border they call the holiday "Día de la Raza"—day of the race.

Pan-American



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A saga of men who fly against death in the Arctic fog—heroes of our Alaska front, their exploits will command your admiration



Two Motors and Nine Lives

by KEITH WHEELER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We print this article as a warning to the American people. A warning that these men who have dedicated their lives to your security are perilously handicapped. Their planes are inadequate for the job demanded—and winter's renewed attack will double that demand. It is your job to see that these men do not fly to their death needlessly. So read this and then every day—work, save, go without that they may have better equipment, a real assurance of victory.*

AT 4,500 feet the PPC (navy economy for patrol plane commander) fixed his position and bearing where Kiska volcano's ugly black fang stuck through the fog's roof. He turned a few degrees west of south and steadied in the course.

The gunners snuggled against the sponge rubber shoulder pads of their weapons and the bombardier fingered his switches. One full minute the big patrol seaplane floated half in, half out of the cottony billows. Set of face

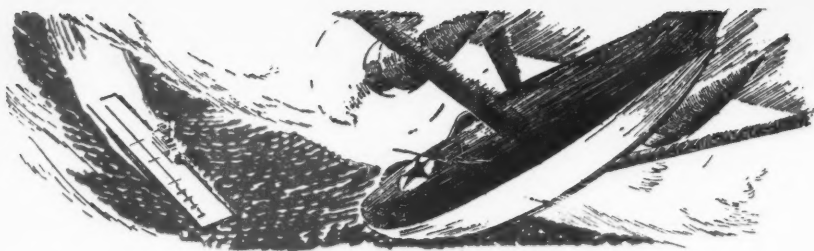
and sweaty of hand, the PPC watched his compass and counted seconds—seconds that raced crazily but somehow stood immovable, like pictures on a wall.

And then the PPC shoved the control yoke forward, a steady pressure that pushed the big boat's nose straight down and sent her rushing out of the sun.

The PPC watched the meter and felt his plane, feeling for strength in it to stand this, waiting for the signs by which he would know it could not. Nobody ever had asked this of a PBY plane before and nobody knew whether the plane could take it.

The plunging juggernaut burst through the bottom of the murk into a hole of visibility above the Japanese ships and the waiting Japanese gunners in Kiska harbor.

Still plunging vertically, the PPC fought his controls—stiff with speed—



to twist the plane toward the bright yellow flashes from a light cruiser's anti-aircraft guns. And the bombardier waited, holding his eager fingers from the switches through a split second as long as forever. They were below 1,500 feet when he touched the toggles gently. The 500 pound bomb slowly left its cradle under the starboard wing and the thousand pounder slid away from its perch to port.

With feet braced against the forward bulkhead and four hands straining at the yoke, the PPC and second pilot fought the PBV out of its dive. Slowly—slowly—the strength of two young backs against the unbridled weight of 15 tons. She yielded at last and the speed of her plunge shot her up into the fog again.

They didn't see the bombs strike. You can't wait for things as slow as falling bombs when you're fighting a plane as big and clumsy as a PBV out of a dive so much faster than that for which she was designed to fly. Nor can you wait when you're sitting a mere thousand feet above all the venomous stuff the gunners of a half dozen warships can throw at you. Maybe the bombs hit and maybe they didn't; the PPC's report was "results unobserved."

That was June 11, one day after the PBVs found the Japanese on Kiska out near the end of the Aleutian chain 600 miles beyond Dutch Harbor.

It was the first time anybody ever had tried to dive-bomb with a PBV, but it wasn't the last. It has been done many times since and, though their long wings flap in the dive like a seagull's limber pinions, no PBV has come apart from that cause yet.

The PBV is the Navy's huge, two-engine patrol bomber, an ungraceful mammoth designed for durability, plodding steadiness, heavy loads, long range and reasonable seaworthiness—but not for speed and most especially not for fighting. Admirers of the PBVs call them Catalinas, in the British fashion, and their bitter crews call them Flying Coffins. They are the despised ugly ducklings of naval aviation, yet they were almost the only weapon we used when the Japanese came to the Aleutians early last June.

THE INVADERS from Honshu came to Dutch Harbor on June 3—came in force, with carriers, cruisers, transports and evident intentions of conquest. In two days the Cats and a few gallantly flown army bombers drove them back from that first objective.

Of necessity the Catalinas carried most of the load in seeking out the invader and harassing him. They had more range, were better suited to blind searching through the fog.

Thereafter the Cats kept the invader under surveillance on both Kiska and Attu. Together with the army bombers they returned time and again to Kiska to record with cameras the speed of Japanese building and to harry that work with bombs, torpedoes and machine gun fire. Methodically they searched other islands and the Bering Sea to prevent spread of the occupation.

It doesn't sound like a glorious victory and it wasn't. The measure of their accomplishment is a negative one—the fact that two months later the Japs were in islands far out in the chain, rather than in Dutch Harbor, Kodiak, Anchorage or even nearer to West Coast cities.

Nor is it an accurate picture of their heroism to add up the times they lumbered out to Kiska with loads of bombs or flounderingly evaded the vicious attacks of nimble Zeros. That would take no account of the conditions under which they flew.

The Catalinas fought two enemies in the Aleutians and the more deadly was not the Japanese. The worse was the unrelenting summer fog. At its infrequent best the Aleutian weather is treacherous and unstable; at its worst it is inconceivable.

Flying in the fog puts a deadly strain on every member of a plane's crew. The danger is as great as it is in combat, but the tension is greater

still, for it lacks combat's hypodermic lift of excitement.

Obviously such weather is a tactical enemy to be reckoned with—it killed planes and men perhaps more effectively than did the Japs. Many bad crashes ensued when blinded crews, grown shaky with tension and fatigue, smashed against a mountain or flew into the sea.

BUT MIRACULOUSLY, crewmen often survived violent smashups—though their planes were torn to shreds.

Seven men lived when a Catalina, having just picked up an appendicitis case from a destroyer at sea, lost its way, found itself hemmed in by mountains, and tried to climb out on top. Customarily the planes stay below the soup, fearing the difficulty of getting down again more than they fear the perils of hugging the sea among fog veiled cliffs. At 4,900 feet this plane flew into Mt. Carlisle, highest peak of the Islands of the Four Mountains.

The pilot died in his seat. His final living act was to save the lives of most of his crew, for in a last desperate second he mushed the big plane in on its belly as the mountain flank leaped to him out of the gray soup.

The co-pilot beside him lived, although he was badly smashed against the cockpit rim and his legs were mangled in the controls. The navigator, himself terribly wounded in the legs, saved the co-pilot's life by disentangling him from the controls and helping him from the plane when it caught fire. The radioman died at

his post. One gunner had a fractured leg and his back was so painfully strained that he could not be carried by his shaken and wounded teammates.

The gunners crawled out, rescued the man with a broken leg and salvaged both rubber boats, sleeping bags, water, a signal pistol, and emergency food. They had to crouch behind boulders for an hour when the gas tanks blew up and the ammunition began to explode and scream about their ears.

Eventually six, including the badly hurt navigator and co-pilot, started down the mountain after putting the man with a broken leg into a sleeping bag, covering him with a rubber boat, and leaving food and water.

Carlisle is a savage peak, rising precipitously from the sea. There are long snow banks, stretches of treacherously slippery tundra, cliffs, deadly shale slides, and the climbers were sick, shocked and wounded.

It took the battered crew two days to find a painful and dangerous pathway down the peak and then they had to negotiate a sheer 500-foot cliff to the beach.

They found driftwood and built a fire. Twice the least hurt of their number climbed back up the terrible pathway to care for the man they had left behind. Then a destroyer came to their rescue but the ripping surf on the windward shore would not permit a small boat landing. An officer swam ashore with a line, fighting the crashing surf for 20 minutes to make a mere hundred yards.



Keith Wheeler is a Chicago Times reporter who now covers the war front. Wheeler has been a war correspondent since last December when he took off for Hawaii.

Since then he has witnessed Japanese-American differences of opinion in the Marshall Islands, at Wake and Marcus, and finally Alaska. There he actually flew with the crews of the PBVs whose tale he recounts in this article.

The line carried the wounded navigator and co-pilot through the ripping seas like fish on a string. Then the line became tangled and the others were sent off to make another weary hike around the island to a lee shore.

ANOTHER DESTROYER sent a rescue party up the mountain to bring down the man with a broken leg. One crewman stayed behind to lead them. All lived, though they were hospitalized for many weeks.

In the first 48 hours of the invasion the Catalinas flew without rest trying to keep track of the threatening Japanese aircraft carriers in the fog. Each time they succeeded and made contact they took a beating from the Zeros and ack-ack. For the PBV, in addition to presenting a big target, is too slow to maneuver out of trouble. They couldn't even avoid anti-aircraft fire, a fact that shamed their weary pilots and sent them off on each new flight cursing the planes they were flying.

The first PBV shot down in flames was home bound from patrol and met

the carrier Zeros in Umnak pass. They had time to get off a radio message saying they were under attack and afire and that was the last trace of them until a yippee (patrol boat) found the pilot's floating, machine gun-riddled body four days later.

Eventually the carriers withdrew into the mist but the Cats did not relax. They continued to fly out into the fog every night on all night searches. These vigils were possibly the worst of their duties, for there was never any surcease from tension. Many didn't come home; whether they blundered into the invaders or crashed when weary pilots yielded to the vertigo of fatigue will never be known.

Over Kiska the Catalinas reaped some retribution for the punishment they had taken. One sank a submarine and one put a torpedo into a cruiser standing up the island from the south. Occasionally they got a thousand-pounder into the Japs' rapidly building shore establishment and they achieved several hits and near misses on Jap ships in the harbor. One Catalina gunner had the satisfaction of downing a Zero whose pilot was sufficiently unwary to slip within the range and arc of his weapon.

Still, the Cats continued to take a beating. In return for successful bombing attacks on two Japanese transports, they carried away more scars and more wounded men. Overloads and weather still harassed them. One plane, landing in a wind whipped bay, broke up in the seas and sank quickly. Another cracked up trying to take off in rough water while carrying a torpedo's ton of dead weight under one wing.

The Cat pilots did not go to their work joyfully. They knew they were outclassed by almost anything that flies. They were overworked and weary and bitter, but nothing could make them quit.

An admiring ground officer wrote their creed in five words one foggy afternoon as we stood beside the slippery runway and watched the big amphibians lumber up into the fog and vanish on their night's work.

"They're scared," he said, "but they're not yellow."

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

ARMY FLYER

by Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold and

Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker

\$2.50

Harper & Brothers, New York

HORIZONS UNLIMITED

by Samuel Paul Johnston

\$3.75

Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc., New York

A Touchy Subject

¶Examination of 500 owners of sensitive stomachs showed that worst sinners among foods are onions, milk, cream, ice cream, apples, cabbage and chocolate.

¶Gardenias are allergic to some people and will wilt within two minutes of contact.—SIMPSON M. RITTER.

The Best I Know

The cream of the humor crop, these favorite anecdotes of your favorite personalities will provide you with chuckles galore



A NICE OLD LADY who lives near one of the Army camps had been especially kind to the boys. She sent food and cigarettes daily, permitted the boys to use her swimming pool, and outdid herself to play the Lady Bountiful.

Then one day she decided to take a more personal interest. She called and asked the lieutenant in charge to send thirty of the boys over to her house for tea that afternoon. The lieutenant relayed the order to a sergeant.

"Tea!" snorted the sergeant. "You mean my boys gotta sit around all afternoon balancing tea cups? They'll go nuts."

"Can't help it," the Lieutenant said. "We can't offend that woman."

So the sergeant rounded up the men and dragged them to tea. They sat around and swilled the brew, ate cookies, counted flies and scratched away the hours while the nice old lady bored them with her polite conversation.

Finally the cookie plates were empty as the afternoon. There was just one little cake remaining on a stray plate. The old lady held it up. "There's just one cookie left," she said coyly. "What shall we do with it, boys?" . . .

The sergeant leaped to his feet. "The first man who answers that question," he roared, "will land in the guardhouse!"

—IRVING HOFFMAN
for The Best I Know

A THIN AND NERVOUS GENTLEMAN whose actions were becoming more and more eccentric under the

pressure of war, taxes, and changing times, was finally dispatched to an asylum after his wife encountered him in the kitchen at midnight making a meal on a can of dog food, and then bounding about the living room on all fours.

The rest and treatment were highly successful. He gained weight, developed calmness of spirit, and was finally released.

The day after his release, he met a friend on Michigan Avenue, who exclaimed: "Well, I am glad to see you looking so well!"

"I'm feeling well," responded the convalescent. "But you don't have to look at me like that. I know what you're thinking. You're still remembering that silly spell I had when I thought I was a dog. Well, I'm all over that now; in fact, I'm perfectly healthy. Feel my nose—see how cold it is!"

—JACKIE HELLER
Stage and screen singer

JOE WAS TELLING Jack about a recent visit to the race track. "Gosh, did I have a terrific experience," said Joe.

"What happened?"

"Well, I walked up to the \$2 window, and just as I got my ticket on Spindrift, I felt something poked in my back, and a low voice said: 'Just keep walkin' in front of me. Don't make any noise, and keep walkin'.'"

"What in the world did you do?"

"Well, I stole a look and I could see he was a real tough guy, so I did what he said. We came to a little green door marked PRIVATE and

he put in a key and there was a flight of steps leading down to a long corridor. He kept poking that thing in my back so I kept walking until we came out into a clearing. A big horse was standing there with a couple of tough guys holding him. "Get down on your knees," said the first one.

"So what did you do?"

"What did I do? I did what he said, and didn't argue. They took the saddle off that horse and put it on my back. After that, they tightened the girth around my stomach. Then they pried open my mouth and put the bit in my teeth."

"Wow! What did you do?"

"What did I do? Why, I came in third."

—BEN GRAUER
NBC radio announcer

THE NEW BATCH of recruits at Camp Grant was by far the rawest lot the sergeant had ever tackled. He worked on them steadily for three hours, and at last it looked as though they were getting into shape.

"Right turn," he roared. Then "Left turn" before they had even started to move in the first direction.

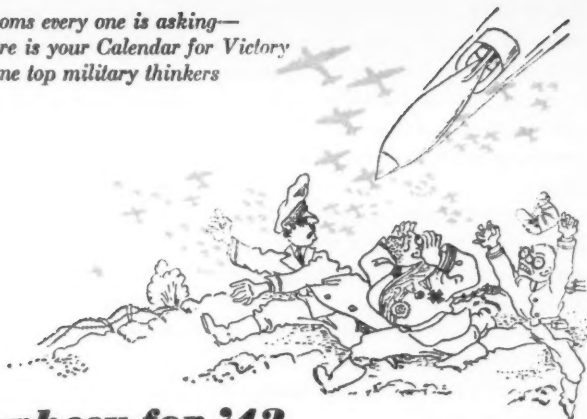
At this point, a tight-lipped, rangy fellow with a shock of oat-colored hair slowly left the ranks and made off towards the barracks.

"Hey, you!" yelled the sergeant, "Where do you think you're going?"

"I've put up with just about enough," replied the recruit in disgusted tones. "You don't know your own mind for two minutes running."

—BUDDY EBSEN
Stage and Screen Star

As the New Year looms every one is asking—
What's to come? Here is your Calendar for Victory
as prophesied by some top military thinkers



They Prophesy for '43

by PRISCILLA JAQUITH

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE —What does it hold for all of us?

Will our men invade Europe? Our flyers bomb Tokyo? Will the Germans collapse? The Japs fight Russia?

No one knows, of course. But here are the predictions of foreign correspondents, diplomats, explorers, scientists—authorities, all of them, in their special fields.

On many points they disagree—but on one, six out of nine concur—1943 will see great air armadas fighting for our United Nations.

Prophet of these flying legions is William Ziff, dynamic six-foot military strategist who quietly holds a place in the council seats where the war is mapped. Author of the best seller, *The Coming Battle of Germany*, and a flyer during World War I, Ziff predicts a thousand planes a night over the Reich 25 nights out of 30. "There will be no second front by

land in 1943—or ever," he says. "There is only one way in which we can get at the Nazi Barbarian. That way is by air.

"This all-out attack in the air sphere will grow to a mighty crescendo in '43 and batter Germany to a pulp."

But listen to Robert St. John, fresh from England. A topflight war correspondent and author of *The Land of the Silent People*, he predicts:

"The second front, probably already opened by the time you read these words, will be extended and intensi-

The Story of the Coming Year

by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

fied in 1943. It won't be the much-talked-of Western Front, however.

"Early in January German stratosphere planes flying seven or eight miles high will start bombing all the big English cities.

"Large scale Commando raids will strike the coast of western Europe, paving the way for real invasion which will probably not come until late in 1943.

"Every month will see increasing trouble for Germany in the Balkans with the Yugoslav guerrilla movement spreading in all directions and the Hungarians, Roumanians, and Bulgarians rebelling more and more against being pawns of the Axis.

"Beginning early in the year, you will see an ever increasing 24-hour bombing of Germany and German-occupied countries by the RAF at night and our Flying Fortresses by day.

"In 1943 the Battle of the Atlantic will begin to turn in our favor, and by the end of the year, the United States will have an army of a million to a million and a half men in the European theatre of operations."

Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein, visiting lecturer for the Carnegie En-

dowment for International Peace, sees Europe a bit differently. This distinguished European statesman, a political exile since Hitler came to power, numbers a round dozen Roman-German Emperors among his royal ancestors, and knows the temperament of his homeland's people.

He says—"I think—I hope—the Germans will revolt against the Nazis this March. If not then, they will in November.


"Hitler needs 500 thousand Gestapo now to rule the Germans, and in the speeches of the German bishops and priests you can see how the people are massing against the Nazis."

When the German people revolt, this democratic Prince forecasts they will set up a "Christian Socialist" state.


LOUIS FISCHER prefers to disregard such an upheaval in Germany, however, in estimating our chances of winning the war in 1943.

"By military measures alone, we can't win the whole world war against all the Axis powers in 1943—unless there's a collapse in Germany. We have no surety of that.

"We do know that Germany has one supreme need now—better de-



During 1943, the Germans will slowly run themselves to death. There will be a stalemate in Russia, with losses slightly more costly on the Nazi side.



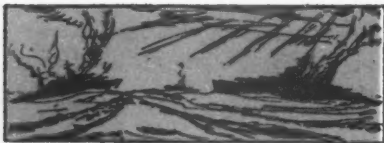
Although officially Hitler's allies, the Roumanians and Hungarians will begin to straggle back home, exasperated by a struggle which gains them nothing.

fense against air attacks. And since one way to defend is to attack, it's reasonable to say there will be more German air activity in Western Europe soon."

Unquestionably the greatest American authority on Russia, and one of the most profound journalists of our generation, Mr. Fischer knows intimately the great war leaders of the Soviets, and says, soberly, about the Russians:

"I don't know how many men or how much war materiel Stalin had at the outbreak of the war or how much he has lost in the fighting. But I think, realizing the difficulties of supplying Russia by Murmansk, Persia and Siberia, that it is safe to say that Hitler can, if he wishes, freeze the Russian front this winter and deploy his forces elsewhere.

"Hitler may choose to fight in the Caucasus during the winter. The prizes there are big: oil and manganese. And since you don't need large numbers of men and masses of equipment in the narrow approaches to the Caucasus, he might fight there and still be able to take the bulk of his army—panzer divisions and millions of men—out of Russia.



In the Pacific, we will gradually—and at great cost—drive the Japanese out of the territory they have conquered; but we can not, as yet, invade Japan.

"He might send them into the Middle East, Persia, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Iraq. Then, if he is successful in his campaigns, it is only a matter of time until he stands on the borders of India.

"As part of our preparation in Africa, it might be necessary to take Dakar, for the more important our communications with Africa, the more urgent it becomes to neutralize that port. In such a war picture, Brazil is going to acquire great importance as part of our bridge to Africa."

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK forecasts desert fighting in January, February and March.

He draws on a lifetime of exploration—through the rain forests of Dutch Guiana, Liberia, on the Cameroonian plateau, in Fiji, Papua and the Solomon Islands—to give his authoritative news-summaries of the war flashed by NBC around the world.

"In the first three months of '43," he says, "we will be shipping huge convoys to Russia by way of Murmansk to take advantage of the 24-hour-long polar night that shields our freighters from Axis planes.

"Reinforced by these supplies and



And we shall concentrate all our air power on mass raids on German industrial centers, until we have destroyed the sources of her mechanical power.

her own resources, Russia will hold out through 1943.

"There will be no second front until well into the Summer months—if then.

"Month by month our Navy will go after the Japanese, driving them back island by island in the Southwest Pacific.

"China will get more war supplies from us and take more action against the Japs.

"And India—" Vandercook shrugged. "In my opinion, there will be no internal catastrophe there in 1943 that will prove serious to the Allies. India will muddle through."

That isn't what Cecil Brown thinks. This brilliant roving reporter thinks it will be catastrophic for the United Nations if India and Great Britain do not settle their differences.

Brown was on the *Repulse* when the Japs torpedoed her; in Singapore, on the eve of invasion; in Australia when the spotlight turned that way; in the Balkans when the Nazis invaded Yugoslavia; in Cairo during the Syrian campaigns. His broadcasts of epoch-making battles on land, sea and in the air won him the Overseas Press Club's prize for radio reporting.



Foreseeing the inevitable end, the Nazis will slaughter and plunder in the conquered territories, hoping to maintain their armies a little longer.

"I think the Indian question will be solved in 1943 because it must be," he says gravely.

"Japan and Russia will be at war by 1943, if not before.

"In China we will build up our American Air Force until we have real striking power.

"We will start consistent bombing attacks on Japan, which I am confident will have a serious effect on Japanese fighting power.

"In the Southwest Pacific we will capture additional Japanese-held islands. We will strike at Japanese bases like Rabaul and Treuk and, with carrier-based aircraft, we might hit Java and Singapore, inflicting severe losses on Japanese naval and air power—and paying a heavy price for that ourselves.

"All this, of course, is based on the premise that here on the home front we begin to fight the war, and to sacrifice."

MUCH MORE optimistic about our war in the Far East is INS correspondent James Young. Back from a concentration camp after 12 years in Japan, he prophesies: "Starting in March we will pulverize Tokyo with



But in the end, as in 1918, Germany's man-power will be sapped. By 1944, the starving women and children will bring about a peace of desperation.

bombs. We will knock out Formosa, the vertebrae of Japan. And we will take back the Aleutians."

What of Australia? Will Japan attack her? When?

Not until the Fall of '43.

That is the prediction of General MacArthur's trusted aide, Colonel Carlos P. Romulo. Last man off Bataan, this slender, dapper Philippine officer won the Pulitzer Prize in 1941 for his articles prophesying outbreak of war in the Pacific and exposing the fifth column in the Far East.

Stressing that he speaks as a private person, not a representative of the Armed Forces, the Colonel explains:

"Japan has taken great territories in the Southwest Pacific. Her supply lines are stretched thin. She will need all Spring and Summer to get ready for an attack.

"Foreseeing that, we must prepare to defend Australia or else it will be the same story, too little and too late."

On his calendar for '43, the Colonel also marks a war between Japan and Siberia, and in the Spring a great offensive by the Allies in the West.

But it is the Northern Fronts that will loom increasingly important in this global war.

That's the opinion of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the greatest living Arctic explorer, and a scientist, writer, lecturer and citizen of the world. For his expeditions, he has the thanks of the Canadian Government, the medals of the American, Chicago, National and Philadelphia geographic societies, of the Explorers Club and of geographic societies the world over.

Stefansson pictures a war with planes flying from San Francisco to Berlin—via Greenland and Iceland, and from Chicago to Tokyo—via Fairbanks.

"People talk of a global war in one breath and in the next of the 'out-of-the-way Aleutians,'" he says. "Remarks like that show we are still thinking in terms of a flat world. Look at your globe and you'll see that the Aleutians are right in the middle of the shortest distance from America to Japan, and that from San Francisco we can save almost a thousand miles by flying north to Berlin instead of east.

"At the same time, this northern route will give us better flying conditions and spread under our planes a safe carpet of land."

Along another northern front, every bit as important, Stefansson expects we will see action in the coming months. With aircraft based in Finland bombing and sinking the freighters bound for and unloading in Murmansk harbor, he thinks we will be forced to act upon the Golden Rule of the Old Norse religion: "Be a friend to your friend and to the friends of your friend; be an enemy to your enemy and to the friends of your enemy." "The Finns," he says, "are about the most effective friends of our most powerful enemy, Germany."

These, then, are the prophecies for 1943, the year that Cecil Brown calls "the fateful year—the year of miracles. Because it must be a year of miracles for us to win. And we will win."

Though Secretary Morgenthau's fondest hope is a balanced budget, it's his destiny to be headman of the treasury during gargantuan spending sprees



Henry the Morgue

by MICHAEL EVANS

THE LATE GENERAL Hugh S. Johnson was not exactly a subtle writer. He never used a rapier if a shillalah was at hand. Hearing that the President liked to call Braintruster Thomas Corcoran "Tommy the Cork," Johnson gleefully proceeded to rechristen the entire New Deal.

He evolved a whole series of nicknames—Harry the Hop, Alben the Bark, Fanny the Perk (he had a great many other names for Madame Perkins, only a few of which he published in his column). His favorite was Henry the Morgue. So delighted was Johnson with Henry the Morgue that he found some excuse for employing the quaint patronym at least once a week and oftener until death cut short his literary career.

Henry Morgenthau has had many painful experiences in the ten years he has been in Washington. He has been berated by the conservative press

as a long-haired reformer, attacked by the radicals as a reactionary defender of the status quo, and damned by bankers as a dilettante. He has been cussed by politicians for being more interested in patrons than patronage. But probably no cross has been harder to bear than "Henry the Morgue."

Now Henry Morgenthau is a sincere, conscientious and essentially humorless man. His own jokes remind you of a Yorkshire pudding—very wholesome but not much grace or lightness. Probably what makes Henry the Morgue most painful for the literal-minded Morgenthau is the fact that it simply isn't so. Mr. Roosevelt actually calls him plain "Henry." Or as Morgenthau has explained to intimates, he sometimes employs "Henny Penny" in a spirit of affection and gentle fun. But never, Henry the Morgue . . . Ugh!

It was the fashion during the 1920's,

when the income tax rate was being cut every year and the Treasury was carving fat surpluses, to call Andrew J. Mellon the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." After 1929, Mellon was still called that but with such irony that he wished his publicity crew had never inaugurated the sales talk.

No one has ever applied that characterization to Morgenthau. Yet the fact is that no secretary since Hamilton or Albert Gallatin has ever faced tasks so gargantuan and kaleidoscopic. Nor has any secretary acquitted himself more ably.

Today, with America engaged in global war, Morgenthau commands probably the most vital post on the home front.

Unless he puts the dollars in the war chest, production of tanks, planes and guns will come to a halt. Unless he siphons billions of dollars out of our pocketbooks, all the price and wage controls in the world will not prevent inflation. Unless he successfully ladles out securities by the hundred million to banks and insurance companies, the whole credit structure will burst its buttons. Unless he applies the radical new tax policies with care, industrial production will be unable to make the transition from civil to war purposes without wrecking the private enterprise system in the process.

All this, and a hundred lesser tasks of financial legerdemain, must be performed by a man who ten years ago had never handled a money matter involving more than 50 thousand

dollars—who had never been faced with a fiscal problem more complicated than running a dairy farm and apple orchard.

No department, except the War and Navy Departments, is vaster, more sprawling or charged with more critical functions than the Treasury Department. And none, it is admitted, discharges its duties more smoothly, efficiently and quietly than that run by the erstwhile Henry the Morgue.

HOW HAS THIS come about?

Morgenthau is a modest man and would be the first to admit that few Secretaries of the Treasury have entered their job with less technical knowledge than himself. His background consisted of handling a portfolio of investments (built up from about 50 thousand dollars given him by his father) and managing his Fishkill, New York, farm. And, before going to the Treasury, he had had a few months' experience at the head of the Farm Credit Administration, an emergency agency set up by the New Deal to bail out mortgage-frozen farmers.

He came to the Treasury at a time when New Deal experiments with money and credit were at the zenith. The President was trying the inflationary needle—in half a dozen unorthodox ways.

The Treasury was the hot spot. It was an exciting atmosphere that Morgenthau stepped into when he entered the dingy gray building that squats across East Executive Avenue from the White House. One day econ-

omists would report to the bewildered secretary that the budget estimates were off by a billion dollars—on the red ink side. The next day the White House would decide to tinker with the gold price. A week later the President would give orders to start “pump priming” at the rate of \$300,000,000 a month. At any moment Congress seemed ready to jump the reservation and direct the Treasury to print greenbacks in limitless quantities.

Morgenthau had much to learn. His chief qualification when he took the Treasury post was unswerving, uncritical and complete loyalty to his friend, neighbor and fellow gentleman farmer, F. D. Roosevelt. But he also had a capacity for absorbing knowledge. He had another quality, a capacity for efficient administration. Before Morgenthau, the Treasury had been noted for many things—but never for efficiency. It rated second only to the Postoffice as a feeding trough for lameduck politicians.

But over a period of years, by constantly throwing his weight on the side of civil service and non-political appointments, Morgenthau lifted his department out of the ruck. No one in Washington is inclined to minimize that feat.

For the first three or four years it was doubtless true that Roosevelt acted as his own Treasury Secretary. Morgenthau carried out the orders.

There was the unfortunate episode of the counterfeit 20 dollar bill, for example. Morgenthau found out it was counterfeit when his chauffeur tried to buy some groceries with it so,

a heavy-handed joke in mind, he sent it down to the Treasury chief clerk to be changed. The clerk, unsuspecting, passed over four five dollar bills and put the counterfeit 20 dollars in his till. Thus a spate of nasty, insinuating stories emerged in the Republican press questioning the secretary's right to disregard the law requiring that counterfeit currency be turned over instantly to the Secret Service.

There was also the minor war between Morgenthau's police agencies—the Secret Service, Internal Revenue, Narcotics Bureau and the Coast Guard—and the glamor boys of the FBI. The antagonism was kept fairly in hand until a move developed in Congress to merge all the agencies with the FBI and place J. Edgar Hoover at the head. Morgenthau didn't know that several of his men had decided to “expose” the FBI. He learned that when the angry G-Men found SS men trailing them and buttonholed Morgenthau, demanding an explanation. Much embarrassed, Morgenthau apologized and lightly punished his men. The incident was closed. So was the move to merge the Treasury agencies with the FBI.

MORGENTHAU is no New Dealer in the radical sense. His dearest ambition for 10 years has been to balance the budget. Yet with typical irony, history will record that no man in history has piled up such deficits as Morgenthau. This year alone the Treasury deficit of 50 odd billions will total more than all deficits of the pre-Morgenthau era together. Be-

fore he leaves office, the secretary almost certainly will have accumulated deficits greater than the total spending of the government in all the years up to 1933. No man in any nation has ever gone further into the red, and there is nothing ahead for him but red ink and more red ink.

In the early New Deal years, of course, there was no hope for a balanced budget. But after 1936 Morgenthau thought he was going to make the books balance. Instead of balanced books, Morgenthau had the customary three billion dollar deficit for the fiscal year 1937. And fiscal 1938, on which he had pinned his greatest hopes, showed the government still in the red by more than a billion.

In the ten years up to 1940 there had been unbroken deficits of 27 billion, most of the total chargeable to Morgenthau. All the deficits since the start of the Republic did not reach that figure, and the war lay just ahead.

WHEN ROOSEVELT started his second term, it was generally expected in Washington that Morgenthau would leave the cabinet and retire in peace to Fishkill. Nothing happened, but rumors he might leave circulated for three years. Most of these rumors stemmed from Morgenthau's opposition to many of the more diverse and heterodox New Deal brain waves. He did not favor outright use of the government's taxing powers as an instrument for redistribution of wealth. He did not believe we could spend ourselves into prosperity, and he had

no fondness for the soak-the-rich tax or the radical levy on undistributed profits. His inherent conservatism bubbled to the surface, particularly after the death of Herman Oliphant, brilliant leftist counsel of the Treasury.

But though his natural conservatism brought him into growing conflict with the men at the core of the New Deal, Morgenthau did not leave the government. By 1940 it was evident he was as permanent a fixture of the Roosevelt administration as week ends at Hyde Park.

In this war, Morgenthau feels the sky is the limit on spending. And he feels much the same way about taxes. He presented his so-called "spending" tax to Congress last summer. This levy would put a premium on savings and increase progressively according to the amount of income spent.

The most complicated tax ever drafted by the Treasury, it was turned down for this reason.

Morgenthau's staff had worked four months devising the tax. It would have closed the gap between Treasury income and outgo by several billion dollars. What was more, Morgenthau himself thoroughly understood the tax (it actually was a good idea) and pleaded with touching fervor that the legislators at least consider the plan. It was no use.

Rueful Treasury publicity men have long since given up hope that they can keep the secretary clear of "statement trouble." Probably because he is too bluntly honest. Last fall the Treasury was making its biggest effort to sell bonds to the public. That was

the moment the secretary chose to remark that nothing short of compulsory savings would do the job. He was speaking the plain truth, but it was days before the harassed treasury press men had smoothed down the ruffled Hollywood stars and coaxed the drive back into high gear.

That's the kind of tale which people like to tell about Morgenthau.

What is often disregarded is the fact that his hand has been at the helm of the Treasury through the most amazing period American government finance has ever experienced—dollar devaluation, abandonment of the gold standard, the greatest spending program, the biggest financing program, the unprecedented deficits, the introduction of radical and untested tax doctrines, the literal transfer of the money and finance capital of the nation from New York private bankers to Washington public officials.

Now the greatest war in our history

is capping that period. Morgenthau is not perfect. He is a very human person. He is nervous, irritable, irascible at times. He is a demon for petty detail, a stickler for facts, no great innovator. He is shy and seldom self-confident in public. But he is also steadfast, honest, loyal and conscientious to a fault.

He is all out to win the war and he has put his feeling about the war very tersely.

Speaking before a Congressional committee last summer, he said:

"Since Pearl Harbor I think we must change our entire mode of living. I think these few people should be asked to give up their special privileges in view of the sacrifices that must be made."

To which Senator Barkley interjected: "I am sorry to interrupt, but that point sticks in my craw."

"If you don't mind," snapped Morgenthau, "Pearl Harbor sticks in my craw, too."

Practical Magic

¶During the first World War, Maskelyne, the famous London magician, turned over his secret formula for fire-eating to the British government. The same chemical which enabled him to gulp smoke and flame with never a scorch was used to coat the bodies of naval gunners. For hours after the shellacking, they could withstand the heat from the guns.

¶Robert Houdini, father of modern magic, once quelled an Algerian rebellion with his bullet-catching trick. The witchdoctors watched him perform—then, baffled, admitted that his magic was better than theirs, and the revolution gracefully subsided.

—V. H. GADDIS

Not of Our Species

Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show



• • • A thick cloud of mystery hung over the San Antonio, Texas, jail. How were the prisoners in solitary confinement getting cigarettes? Long and diligently did the authorities investigate, but they unearthed not the slightest taint of graft and corruption.

It was a reporter from the *San Antonio Light* who finally solved the mystery. Tipped off by a Negro who had just been released from the jail, he watched one night in the corridor. After all had become quiet, he saw a huge cockroach staggering down the row of cells. On the roach's back a cigarette had been fastened with a bit of adhesive. When the insect arrived at the solitary confinement cells, a hand reached through the bars and removed the cigarette. The roach then turned and retraced its steps.

Next day the prisoners confessed that they had trained the cockroach, named Oscar, in cigarette transporta-

tion. During the daytime he was carefully secreted in a small cardboard box. A photograph of Oscar with a full load of cigarettes was published in the *San Antonio Light*—but the prisoners in solitary got no more smokes.

—From Helene Davis,
San Antonio, Texas.



• • • Lewis Henry Morgan, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, certifies the truth of the following case.

A fox wriggled through a hole in the hen house of Coral C. White, Aurora, New York, farmer. When White came at dawn to feed the chickens he found that his flock had been sadly depleted. Among the remains of the chickens lay the fox, so bloated by the feast that it was

obviously impossible for him to squeeze out through the hole. However, the fox showed no signs of life, and White decided it must have died from acute indigestion.

Picking up the animal's limp body, he carried it out of the hen house and dropped it on the grass. As soon as he was free, the fox instantly came to life and raced for the nearby woods.

According to Morgan, "The fox knew that only as a dead fox could he leave the hen house . . . yet to devise the plan of escape required no ordinary effort of intelligence."

—From *John O. Viking*,
Ishpeming, Michigan.



. . . At Bowser Inn, 10 miles from Qualicum Beach near Vancouver, B.C., the only waiter is a dog. Half wire-haired terrier and half shepherd, his name is Mike. When a patron enters the inn, Mike puts on a welcoming act that would shame a New York maitre d'hôtel.

The proprietor of the inn, Charles Winfield, watches from the bar while the patron gives his order to Mike. Let's say the order is for a bottle of beer. Mike trots to the bar and returns carrying a bottle in his teeth. He sets this right side up on the table beside glasses which are always in readiness. Next he brings the bottle opener.

When the patron starts fumbling for money, Mike advances and barks. As soon as coins are laid on the table, he takes them in his mouth and car-

ries them to Winfield. If there is any change, he brings it back to the table. He never accepts tips.

—From *Louise Lambord*,
Santa Monica, California.



. . . Her patience exhausted, Mrs. Maude Minden of Oakland, California, asked her husband to shoot one of the magpies which were decimating the Mindens' cherries. After the bird had been brought down, Minden decided to hang its dead body on a tree as a warning to its fellows.

While searching for string and a ladder, Minden left the dead bird in the yard. A line of magpies soon assembled on the back fence, and began chattering indignantly. Finally, several of the birds flew down beside their dead companion.

For several minutes they walked silently around the body. At last two large magpies detached themselves from the group on the grass. With its beak, each grasped one of the dead bird's wings. Then they slowly rose and flew off, carrying the body between them. The other magpies formed an orderly line and flew slowly behind their dead comrade.

—From *Maude Minden*,
Oakland, California.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Not of Our Species," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

*If you wish to color-condition your
life, choose a yellow for gaiety,
green for serenity-and red for oomph!*



Color on the V-Shift

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON

THE FACTORY EXECUTIVE was puzzled. Production was going down, material spoilage was increasing, and the accident rate had become alarming. What was the cause? Headaches, said the workers. Blinding headaches! But what caused them? Nobody knew.

Then one day, watching a man at work on a black shoe in a black-painted machine, the executive had a hunch. "Repaint your machine," he told the worker. "Make it any color you like except black." The machine was repainted a lighter color and soon the same procedure was followed with other machines. Results were immediate. The rate of accidents dropped 70 per cent. Spoilage was practically eliminated. Production boomed. The workers had lost their headaches, and the factory executive had lost his, thanks to a lucky hunch on the value of providing con-

trast between shoes and the cutting edges of the machines on which they were being worked.

Today that lucky hunch has been turned into a new science. The old-time factory with its dingy walls, ceilings and floors and its machinery all painted dull, dark colors is on its way out.

After years of experiment, color engineers have found that by using light cheerful colors on walls and floors and by putting a coat of "spot-light buff" on the working area of a machine and a contrasting coat of "horizon gray" on the machine body, a "three-dimensional seeing" effect is obtained. Fast, accurate vision is thus assured, particularly in the case of the moving parts of the machine which are made to stand out sharply. In addition, workers are able to perform their work more quickly, errors are reduced and flaws quickly spotted.

Jointly responsible for this step forward are paint engineers of the DuPont Company and illuminating engineers of the Philadelphia Electric Company.

Already, although just a laboratory theory last fall, the "three-dimensional seeing" system, as it is called, has been accepted widely by industry and is playing a useful part in speeding war production. For example, when the Elco Boat Company hired one thousand new men in one of its plants to build PT boats, accidents seemed likely to shoot way up because of the new workers' inexperience. But the plant adopted the new painting system and as a result, accident frequency rate actually dropped 75 per cent. What's more, production rose steadily. Similarly, when the new system was introduced at the Springfield Arsenal, machine shop production immediately spurted as much as 15 per cent.

This is just one of a score of ways in which color, ingeniously used, is proving its magic.

And recently a manufacturing company chalked up another success for color's ability to overcome obstacles. This firm was having difficulty because employees were tiring quickly when they had to lift and carry certain black boxes. The boxes were heavy, but they had to be transported. Finally it was decided to repaint the boxes light green. Thereafter the workers carried the boxes easily. The simple change in color had made them seem lighter. It was an illusion, of course—based on the fact that deep colors

appear heavier than pale colors.

Other illusions can be produced by color, too—as when the H. J. Heinz Company decided to repaint its employees' cafeteria light blue. The decorative effect was quite pleasant and everyone was satisfied until the first cold weather came. Then the girls who ate in the cafeteria began to shiver. At first company officials were nonplussed, for the heat was thermostatically controlled at 72 degrees.

THEN a color expert set to work, had the baseboards painted orange and bright orange slip covers put on the chairs. Immediately, the girls stopped shivering. Colors actually are either warm or cold. Blue and green are cool colors; orange and red are warm colors.

These are just a few examples of the growing use of color in industry these days to improve morale, increase safety, speed production.

From earliest times, man attributed special powers to color. Red, for ex-



At 28 Lawrence Galton says that he is still a big kid, eternally wanting to know the whys and hows of everything. Which is a good prerequisite for the writer's trade.

Galton also learned the ropes of what makes humans tick during two years of pre-med school at Columbia, and three years of selling ladies' hosiery door to door. He's still learning as Sales Promotion Manager for a big electrical manufacturing company. In between sessions of writing and job, he discusses life with his Spitz-Pom and gosh-knows-the-rest dog.

ample. Not only did it symbolize many different things to different peoples—for the Greek, love; for the Chinese, happiness; for the Christian, sacrifice and sin—but it was also supposed to have some occult power that provided protection against disease, fire and lightning! Yellow, too—a color held sacred to Brahma, Buddha and Confucius—was thought to assure happiness, prosperity and protection against the plague.

Other colors as well were credited with supernatural powers. Early medicine, for instance, attributed many healing qualities to color itself.

And today modern medical research has been a leader in showing what color can do. Yellow, a warm, sunny, healthy looking color, has been found of aid in overcoming certain neurotic conditions, in treating shell shock and in mildly stimulating the vascular system of the human body. Green is used widely in hospital rooms and wards for its cheering influence on chronic patients. Thus all operating rooms at Passavant Hospital, Northwestern University, have been painted green to relieve surgeons' eye strain. In this institution, color is used generously for its cheering effect on the patients. Tests also have shown green to be the most tranquil color. Consequently it is being used to treat

hysteria and neurasthenia.

Blue has a tendency to decrease muscular tension, to lower the blood pressure and reduce pulse and respiration rate. Purple is believed to act on the outer layers of the skin, to affect favorably human metabolism. It has been used in treating the insane to calm the mind and quiet the body.

It's interesting to note too that when the airlines attacked the problem of air sickness, they were quick to consider the value of color and

found that browns and yellows tended to induce nausea while greens and blues helped to prevent it.

Recently scientists have begun to experiment with the effect of color on the growth of animals. It appears that light colors of high reflection

value are most favorable to the rapid growth of animals while colors of low luminosity have an effect that tends to retard development. A guinea pig placed in a pale blue box increased his weight 30 per cent while his fellow in a dark red box gained only one per cent.

In experiments with plants, red was found valuable to the growth of wheat and the flowering of certain plants.

With such results in other fields, it wasn't long before industry peered into the possibilities of color as an

COMING NEXT MONTH

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aid to production, and today such use of color is becoming a science.

COLOR EXPERTS are called in to condition whole plants. They make intensive studies of working areas, materials, machines, inspection methods, operations and then develop color standards to be used throughout the plant. They suggest white floors in an airplane assembly plant so that more light will be reflected upward, harsh shadows will be toned down, and under sides of wings will be illuminated. They go into inspection and testing rooms of the plant where workers have severe eye tasks to perform and suggest soft blue walls which give the worker visual relief when he looks up. The result is greater accuracy and speed in vital testing operations. Similar miracles are accomplished in offices.

Even as a sales promotion aid, color succeeds where other measures fail. A candy manufacturer who had been wrapping his candy in blue paper had a sudden inspiration and switched to red wrapping. That was all, yet sales leaped. This discovery that red is a great impulse color, that people buying something on the spur of the moment are attracted to red objects, was entirely accidental. However, with increasing intensity, manufacturers now are studying the value of color in packaging.

Mail order houses also find that color pays dividends. One of them which had always printed its catalog in black and white decided to make a test. To half the names on its list it

sent the regular catalog; to the other half went the same issue printed in color. The colored catalogs produced 15 times more business.

Few cases are more interesting than that of a well-known Chicago meat packer whose choicest cuts invariably brought lower bids from buyers than those of his competitors. Then a color expert went to work. He pointed out that the yellow walls and yellow sawdust on the floor made even the best cuts seem dark and discolored. He suggested that the walls be painted blue and the sawdust changed to green. It was done. In a few days, the packer was getting one-quarter of a cent more per pound for his meat, which now appeared bright red and fresher when viewed against the blue and green surroundings.

If you think that the mere color of the clothes you wear can affect your mood, you are right. A department store which for years required its sales people to wear black and navy blue decided to change the rule and permit employees to wear other colors. Overnight the whole store atmosphere changed, became more cheerful, more inviting. Employee morale jumped. And sales followed suit to a gratifying extent.

In a large South American city a German firm was selling ten times as many needles as a British firm. Why? Because the British wrapped their needles in black paper, the Germans in red. That's all. The lesson is valuable to American manufacturers who, knowing that Latins prefer red instead of black, will give them red.

As these examples indicate, color has stopped being just something to be used for decoration alone. Color conditioning or engineering, as the rapidly growing science is coming to be known, also is an outstanding development for its effect on the war effort. And that is not all. After the war, the lessons learned will have their effect in peacetime production. Then, as now, they will mean better health and eyesight and morale for workers. Then, to an extent impossible currently, color will be used to turn out peacetime goods more efficiently—and thus at lower cost. It is obvious that after the dark clouds of war have been rolled away, color will play a big role in painting a bright future.

And still that is not all.

For what's more, color's latest triumph will make life more comfortable now for those who like to

camp on the front porch. These outdoor fans will applaud science's current discovery that an amber lamp—with equal candlepower and brightness of a white lamp—will reduce the number of insects attracted by approximately 50 per cent.

Since experiments reveal that insects show definite reactions to light of various colors, it's possible for the first time to reduce the magnetism between bugs and lights—and safe to pursue porch pleasures without facing the unpleasant prospect of being "eaten up alive."

—Suggestions for further reading:

COLOR AND COLORS
by Matthew Luckiesh \$3.00
D. Van Nostrand Co., New York

COLOR IN ACTION
by Ann M. Hicks and
Catherine Oglesby \$3.00
Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York

THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES COLOR
by Edward Podolsky \$1.00
National Library Press, New York



Babes in Arms

IN THE war of 1812, youths of 18 and 19 would have been considered veterans. Since there was no United States Naval Academy at that time, our future officers had to begin their training on board ship at very tender ages. Admiral David Farragut was appointed a midshipman at the age of nine, and an advanced 12 years found him the prizemaster of a captured whaler. Just after his second birthday, Samuel Barron was notified of his midshipman status—but he had to wait until he was 11 before he went on his first cruise. Nathaniel Ingraham and Louis Goldsborough had both been under fire and were seasoned old tars before they were 12.

—MAE TREADWELL

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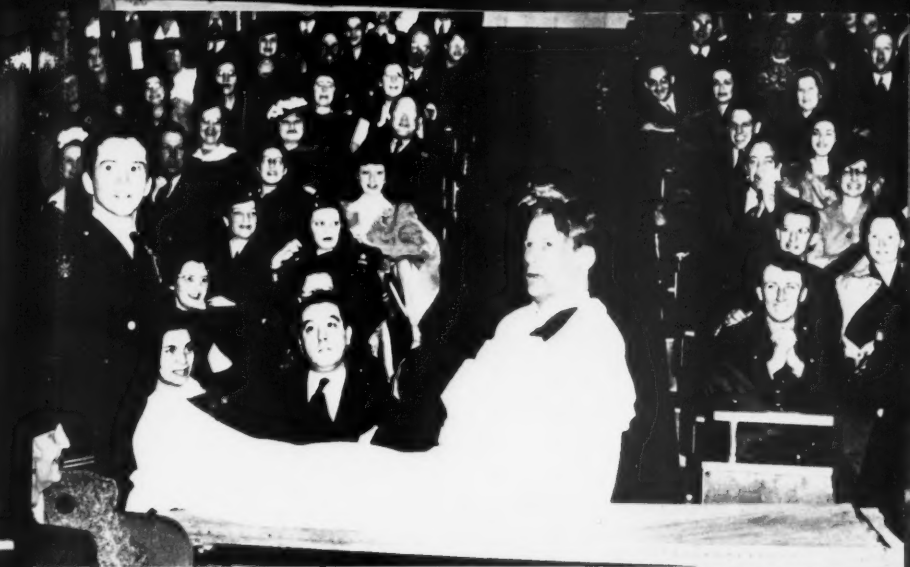
by WELDON MELICK

AMERICANS learned a lot in 1942—learned how to do without some things and how to make the most of some others. One thing we learned was that work and play do not mix. Therefore, Americans being Americans and work and play both being necessary for our well-being, we learned to separate them, to put each in its place, to work harder while we worked and to play harder while we played. By year's end, a steady stream of tanks, planes and guns attested to how hard America was working. And a steady stream of screwy radio shows—like *Truth or Consequences*—attested to how hard America was playing. Just how screwy a radio program can become is what, in the pages that follow, *Coronet* will attempt to reveal. Twenty-five million people tune in their radios each Saturday night to hear *Truth or Consequences* (Ralph Edwards, master of ceremonies). Twenty thousand write in weekly to suggest consequences or to praise the show—based on the ancient parlor game of the same name. And here's how it works:





There's nothing difficult about Truth or Consequences. Each contestant is asked a question. If he answers it correctly he wins 15 dollars and takes his seat. If he cannot answer it he must "pay the consequence"—like singing a duet, in falsetto voice, with Bobby Hookey, child radio star, for instance.



Before the program, while Quizmaster Edwards is selecting willing victims from the studio audience, his cohorts "warm up" with a miniature Hellzapoppin—a furious routine of gags like this one, introduced as a "casualty from last week's program."



Most contestants honestly prefer to miss and join in the fun. This Maryland housewife, sent to break up a wedding at the Astor Hotel, is shown waiting for that ominous pause after "Speak now . . ." The radio audience knew—but she didn't—that the bridal couple were window dummies.



No one enjoys the proceedings more than Edwards himself (he's the man with the receding hairline shown at the left, microphone in hand). These soldiers, who missed their question together, were supposedly demonstrating the difficulties of putting on a girdle in a blackout.



Edwards' patter adds greatly to the entertainment. He tricked this husband into depreciating wifely chores—then made him cook a breakfast, accompanied by his wife's heckling, jingling doorbells, jangling phones and yammering kiddies. As a payoff, the victim had to eat his cooking.



Truth or Consequences, for obvious reasons, is as effective from the stage as from the radio studio. Hence Edwards tours theatres all over the country, adds a weekly 4,500 dollars to his regular take. This is a far cry from the park benches on which he once slept—before finding his market for insanity.



At least one loser each week is sent out of the studio, accompanied by a mobile mike to pick up the shenanigans. These two penalty-payers had to enact "Ten Nights in a Barroom" at a Manhattan soda fountain. The be-wigged gentleman is rendering "Father, Dear Father—"



More often, though, Edwards brings the mountain to Mahomet. When a Rochester woman gave her imitation of a bagpipe playing "The Camels Are Coming," this fugitive from the circus was led onstage for her to ride. Crazy? Yet contestants and audience alike loved it!



For proof, consider the case of the woman whose tooth was literally shaken right out of her mouth by this reducing treatment. Naturally the sponsors were worried. But instead of suing, the lady laughed it off—even thanked Edwards for saving her a dental bill!



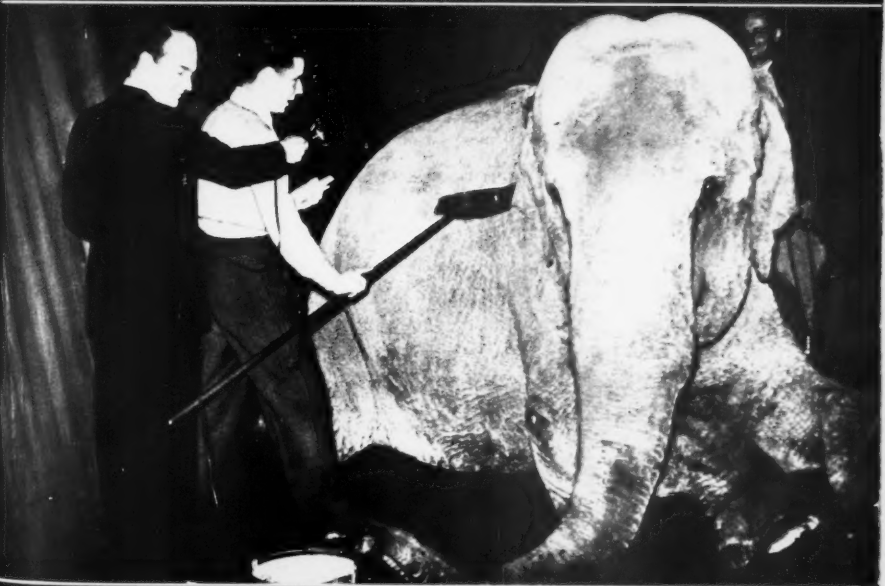
Slapstick is the order of the evening at any Truth or Consequences broadcast. This young Rhode Island bride was given a choice of smacking her brand new husband with a lemon meringue pie for a 10 dollar bonus—or smacking Edwards for suggesting such a thing. Edwards is unspattered.



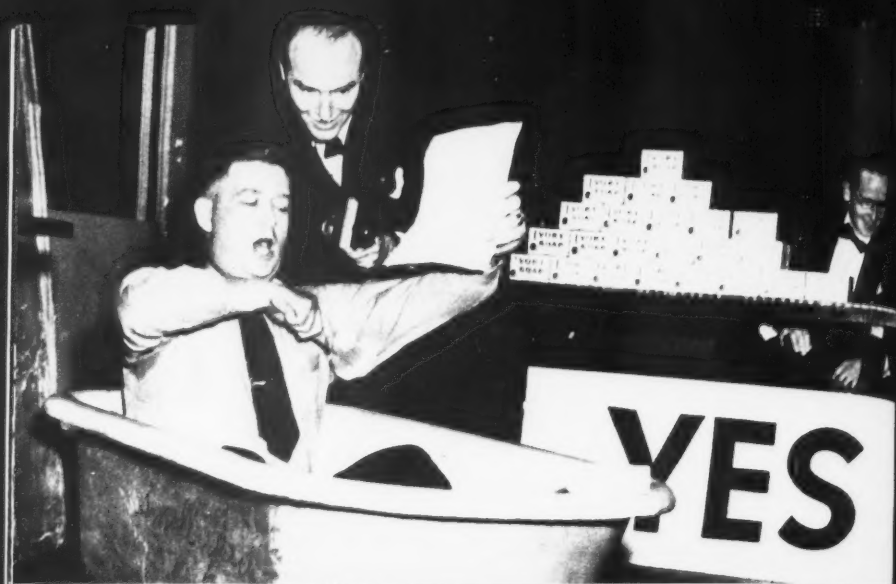
Less gooeey and luckier, this man's mud-pack treatment was interrupted by "Choo Choo" Johnson, who whisked him off to the Stork Club.



Not so another participant, shy and undersized, who was asked to "propose" to Hope Emerson, 305-pound sparring mate for Abe Simon.



No stunt is too elaborate for Truth or Consequences. It cost 350 dollars (before war tied up transportation for vital needs) to ship Rosie, elephant-star of Jumbo from New Jersey to St. Louis—not to mention the inconvenience. But Rosie got a laugh, so it was worth it.



Besides the fun of being foolish, losers are given five dollars for their trouble—and a chance at the 25 dollar grand prize for the biggest laugh. This consequence was cornier than some but offered a chance to plug the sponsor's product (see above).



Usually the gags are more complicated—like this one. A Brooklyn woman was instructed to phone any friend in the U. S. and describe the table manners of her companions—without mentioning where she was. She was hardly prepared for the sword-swallowing and fire-eating which followed.



The formula, if there is any, for an Edwards consequence is: take an old gag and add a new twist. This gentleman bent over the dog-house, prepared to make news by "biting the dog." Snarls and growls were furnished by NBC sound effects, but instead of a dog this midget popped out.



Once when a haberdashery salesman could not name the sport in which the highest score loses, he was billed to kiss "a beautiful creature" in Grand Central Station the following week. This represents "carry-over" appeal—meaning many will tune in to hear the outcome.



Endless variations of pie-throwing are worked into the program—and serve as "breathers" compared to the zanier stunts. Master of Ceremony, engineers and sponsors all have to keep their ears cocked for "breaks" by excited contestants who are strictly spontaneous and unrehearsed.



A typical consequence: the man must (a) imitate Dumbo, (b) balance a feather between his nose and upper lip, (c) sing "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze"—or (d) get ducked. He (d) got ducked. (Note the size of the tank—a 10-footer actually wheeled onstage.)



For one of his "out-patients," Edwards promised a part in a Broadway production. Blindfolded, Albert Fishe was whisked via cab to lower Broadway, and led out on the crowded stage of a Chinese theatre. There, unmasked, he repeated his line on cue. He had the time of his life.



So did this young man, warned that his consequence would "make his hair curl." His was one of the few consequences with definite after effects.



More often a Truth or Consequences gag involves mere nonsense—imitating the opposite sex



—or imitating something inanimate, like a maypole. Newton Harris of Philadelphia drew just that as his consequence—with the Boys' Club of New York doing the honors. When the fun has to be seen to be appreciated, Edwards gives a ringside, play-by-play account.



This, then is Truth or Consequences—something so daffy that unwary Europeans stand by in amazement, completely unable to understand what to 25 million Americans is rip-roaring fun. Nor is the show particularly unique—already there are several other programs in the same vein.



Herr Goebbels might label such pictures "a nation gone mad"—or something of the sort. But he would be overlooking what all of us know and understand—that this is but America letting off steam—steam accumulated from our all-out effort to destroy him and all he stands for!





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Whether in war or in peace, the Quezons go rolling along—together. A very human story about a very human family



The Quezons Go Rolling

by EDITH M. STERN

WHEREVER Manuel Luis Quezon, President of the Philippines, goes, his family goes with him: Doña Aurora, his wife; "Baby" and "Nini," his 23 and 21-year-old daughters; and 16-year-old Manuel Junior. Devotedly they stayed near him in the tunnels of Corregidor, fled with him to Australia, and finally sailed in the same boat over enemy-infested waters to America.

And now they're still together at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington.

You see, being together is a habit with the five Quezons, whether they're dodging bombs or taking a jaunt to New York City. Once last June they broke that habit and separated. Doña Aurora and the children stayed in Washington. The President, worn out from a journey, begun when he was still under treatment for TB, retreated from the Capital and its hundreds of callers and well-wishers to Hot

Springs, Virginia. Characteristically, despite doctors' orders to take a complete rest, he ordered a sizeable staff of Filipino officials to accompany him, with instructions to pack up enough working materials and personal belongings for a three or four weeks' stay.

Those who unpacked completely regretted it. Within four days His Excellency was back at the Shoreham. The explanation? That was all the separation from his wife and children he could take!

The Quezons' close-knit family life is typically Filipino. So is their home setup. Doña Aurora doesn't meddle in politics and has no concern with her husband's extra-domestic business. The President steers equally clear of household matters: he leaves all that to his wife, from the children's education to the choice of the Filipino dishes for which he has a gourmet's appreciation. Both parents have absolute

authority over their children. Next in authority, by Filipino custom, is the eldest child, then the next oldest. Which leaves young Manuel with no one to boss—but since he's the only boy, he does very well for himself.

Doña Aurora manages the budget and makes all household purchases. But the President shops for his own clothes—for no Filipino man, however well to do, would dream of letting his wife select his ties. The girls, too, choose their own wardrobes. But let Doña Aurora tell them to take off some of their makeup, and there's no talking back! Let their father say he expects them home by 5 p.m., and they're there.

If, by American standards, it seems as if the younger Quezons might be suppressed under such conditions, there's no evidence of it. When I visited on Baby's birthday, the girls were chattering animatedly with young Army officers, with dignified cabinet members, with "Daddy." There was much excitement over the roses and orchids that kept coming.

This First Family of the Philippines is a happy, jolly, informal household, full of noise and laughter and demonstrative affection. None of the children would think of leaving the house or returning without kissing their parents. Evenings—except when the President is at work on his forthcoming book or broadcasting from his bed—father, mother, son and daughters all spend together in the same room, with table tennis the favorite household sport. And portly Doña Aurora can beat her wiry hus-

band, himself an expert.

Spend an evening at the Quezons', and the children will soon be calling you by your first name and expecting you to call them by theirs. Though the President has the unmistakable air of a man used to commanding, there's nothing pompous about him: his warm personality and the smiles that crinkle his keen, puckish face stimulate immediate and easy friendliness. Doña Aurora is a bit more formal, and her English is a little more halting than that of the rest of the family. But through her soft charm and graciousness she has her own way of putting you at ease.

You'll never find the girls out on twosome "dates." Young men interested in them are expected to call on them at home, Spanish fashion. As a result, though the Quezon daughters have numerous American friends, whom they see in Washington and at their country home in Leesburg, Virginia, few are young men. For while Baby and Nini are attractive, American young men just don't cotton to continual chaperonage. Filipinos, on the other hand, take it for granted that Doña Aurora should always be with her daughters.

THE ADORED center of the family group is the 64-year-old President. A whirlwind who frazzles all who work with or for him—like Mayor La Guardia, his close friend—he can pack a 48-hour working week into a 24-hour day. He's quick, impatient and given to flashes of temper. But he's lovable withal, inspiring loyalty. Ask



Ah Dong, the 70-year-old Chinese servant who travels everywhere with his master and who has slept outside his door for 40 years!

Doña Aurora placidly takes the President in her stride. Temperamentally she's his perfect complement—slow, easy-going, calm. Her tempo, in anyone else, would infuriate him: in her, he loves it. She has great influence over Quezon in two spheres, home and religion. A devout Catholic herself, she got him back to the Church after he had abandoned it for Masonry. During the whole long flight from Manila to Washington, Father Pacifico Ortiz, Philippine Army Chaplain, was a member of the party.

Even if she were interested—which she isn't—Doña Aurora wouldn't attempt to influence the President politically. She knows she'd be wasting time and breath. Manuel Luis Quezon makes his own decisions—brilliant decisions, too, that events have vindicated. For instance: Quezon's first act as President was to approve the National Defense Act. What's more, he asked President Roosevelt for General MacArthur, and he has always cru-

saded for Philippine Independence. Granted (to become effective in 1946), that independence made the Filipinos our loyal allies.

As a matter of fact, Doña Aurora is interested in getting her husband to take care of himself, but she's ineffectual. In vain she and the girls plead with the President to stop working, to lie down, to take a rest, to follow doctors' orders. Once in a long while he decides to stay in bed. Two hours later he is dashing about in his bathrobe or is on his way to Philippine Government Headquarters on Massachusetts Avenue. Yet for some time Quezon has been seriously ill with TB, and the close humid air of the Corregidor tunnels didn't help. His physicians lay down the medical law, beg, exhort and plead, but it's like trying to stop a dynamo by whistling.

If Quezon works hard, he plays hard, too. When the children were little, he delighted in rough-housing with them, and even in recent years he could be seen running after them in the gardens of the Malacanan Palace, Manila's White House. He's an expert tangoist. It was only a

Neither exile nor illness have changed President Quezon's determination to keep fighting this war. He is in constant touch with the War Department, the Office of War Information, and the Office of Inter-American Affairs, regarding Filipino cooperation with the United Nations. A strong supporter of Hemisphere solidarity, he works with Latin American ambassadors and makes broadcasts on the necessity for Latin America to stand close to the United States. Also the President is very much interested in the regiment and a half of Filipino Infantry, now in San Luis Obispo, California; and hopes to have them represent Fighting Filipinos in exile. But many of his present activities are behind the scenes. He meets regularly with the Pacific War Council and is strong on making post war plans for the Far East.

newspaper story, he told me, that a few years ago he took 16 Arthur Murray teachers out in Washington, but he did admit to playing poker all night.

Manuel Luis Quezon was born in the little village of Baler on August 19, 1879, of school teacher parents, neither extremely wealthy nor yet poor. His mother was half Spanish, his father a full Filipino. The boy learned his ABC's from his parents, then studied with the parish priest until he was 11. He went to junior college, and attended the law school of Santo Tomas University, interrupting his studies to fight in the Spanish American War (first against Spain and then against the United States). After completing his law studies, he was in private practice for a short while and in 1905 became prosecuting attorney in his home province.

He has been in public service ever since—as governor, as Resident Commissioner of the Philippines in Washington (1909-1916), as President of the Filipino Senate and finally, in 1935, as President.

At 40, Quezon married his 29-year

old cousin Aurora Aragon. They had been in love when she was 15 but her mother had objected to marriage because of the relationship. Through the ensuing years, though Manuel had girl friends and Aurora had suitors, neither ever entertained any thought of marriage with anyone else. Finally, during Quezon's presidency of the Senate, his aunt died, and he invited his cousin for a visit. Three months later he proposed to her, and she accepted.

Their wedding was quiet and secret. Quezon was going on a mission to the United States. His cousin went along in the party, ostensibly as a relative. Before leaving the Philippines, Quezon gave a farewell party which no one but himself knew was actually a bachelor dinner.

Both Quezon and Doña Aurora wanted to avoid the publicity of a Filipino wedding to which all the family would have to be invited. "The family" in the Philippines includes sisters and cousins and aunts. The couple also knew that the marriage of the President of the Senate would be public property for almost everyone on the Islands.

So the ceremony was held in Hong Kong, with both bride and groom in street clothes. When Quezon cabled the news to Governor R. G. Harrison he forgot only one detail—the name of the bride.

Today her Christian as well as her surname is known all over the Islands. Parks, gardens, streets, even towns are named "Aurora." The First Lady's charities and interest in social welfare have made her immensely popular. She has tirelessly pushed programs for clinics, nurseries, settlement houses, diet kitchens, child welfare centers and hospitals.

DOÑA AURORA's sympathy for the underprivileged comes from firsthand experience with poverty. She was born in Baler of parents who had once been well-to-do but whose property had been confiscated by the Spanish government during the Revolution. During her childhood she lived with her parents and her seven brothers and sisters in a one room shack, sleeping on a native woven mat spread over a bamboo floor. Aurora pounded rice in crude wooden mortars, went barefoot to fetch water in earthen jars, and worked in muddy rice fields through rain and scorching heat.

Her formal education was brief. Her earliest instruction was from her aunt, Quezon's mother. Later she had two years at the Franciscan Convent School in Baler, then two at Philippine Normal College. For the rest, she is self-taught. A bibliophile, she left behind her at the Malacanjan Palace a 2000-volume library rich in English,

Spanish and Tagalog writings on ancient history and Filipino folklore. She also collects dolls and orchids.

Most like her among the children, in manner and disposition, is Manuel Junior, pet of the family. Less animated than his sisters, he's an easy-going boy with little of his father's drive. He's a model plane fan, and likes to monkey with chemistry. He now attends Georgetown Preparatory School, is enrolled at Georgetown University.

"Baby"—Maria Aurora—is a feminine edition of her father, physically and mentally. A brilliant conversationalist, she helped cheer everyone's spirits on Corregidor. She burns so much energy that she ordinarily has trouble keeping up her weight. During the siege of Corregidor, however, when even the President's family was limited to two scant meals a day, Maria Aurora perversely gained 13 pounds. Now that she's living comfortably again, her weight has dropped. The doctors haven't found the answer.

Lusher "Nini" — Zenaida — had ideas of becoming a writer. She has abandoned them now, as Baby has abandoned her plans for being a lawyer. Both girls are attending business school in Washington. Realistically, they are equipping themselves with a certain means of livelihood.

Currently, the Philippine government is paying each of the girls 75 dollars a month for acting as secretaries to their father, thus making official what they had been doing unofficially for some time.

All three Quezon children, but

especially Baby, who has great daring and physical courage, were hard to keep in hand during the Corregidor siege. Though the girls worked with their mother making surgical dressings, it was boring in the shelters. Continually they risked their lives to see what was going on outside.

Their father had to give strict orders that they stay put. And probably, if they'd been American young folks instead of Filipinos reared to respect their parents, they'd have sassed him with: "Well, you're not so careful yourself." For the President was constantly leaving the fortress, going about among his people to strengthen their morale. He turned down several invitations from President Roosevelt to come to the United States, and finally escaped to Australia only upon General MacArthur's insistence.

In comparison to the brilliant social

life they once led at home, the Quezons live quietly here. Not only does the President's ill health limit social engagements, but also, they just can't feel gay.

On the President's birthday, however, a few close friends, American and Filipino, did dine with the Quezons at Leesburg. It was a sad kind of birthday party, different from the celebrations of other years when all over the Islands there were Birthday Balls for the relief of TB. Still, everyone was determined to toast Quezon with the usual "Many Happy Returns of the Day."

But the toast sounded hollow. A few minutes after it had been given, the President excused himself and quietly went upstairs. The only happy return now possible for Manuel Luis Quezon is the return to a freed people in the Philippines.



Bargain-Counter Patriotism

ROScoe CONKLING and his nephew, Morris Miller, were politically at odds during the Civil War. At a meeting in Oneida County, New York, to arouse sentiment for a more vigorous prosecution of the War, speakers offered time and money to the cause. An elderly man stated that he had no money to give, but he had a son he would dedicate to the service of his country. Another father stood up and, with tears

in his eyes, offered two sons. Enthusiasm was at its peak and everyone was carried away on waves of self-surrender. Whereupon Morris Miller also rose to the occasion. "I am sorry, very sorry, that I have no money to offer my country," he said. "I am sorry that I have no son to sacrifice. But it would give me great pleasure, very great pleasure indeed, to offer up my uncle, Mr. Roscoe Conkling!"

—MARGUERITE YOUNG

Carroll's Corner



A report from a strictly neutral observer on who is doing what in the realm of the very lively arts

Coronets:

. . . To the newsboys of America who sold 60,000,000 dollars' worth of war stamps . . . To Abbott and Costello, star salesmen of all time, who sold 78,000,000 dollars' worth of war bonds on one cross-country tour . . . To Raymond Gram Swing, for his undiminishing pronouncement of the truth. To those who can take the harsh facts as an antidote for over-optimism . . . To William Saroyan's short movie, *The Good Job* . . . To *What Can I Do: The Citizen's Handbook for War*, the OCD pamphlet which gives plain answers to all your questions . . . To *The Molotov Paper on Nazi Atrocities*. (Five cents at your local bookstore.)

Thorns:

. . . To the epidemic of the-girl-I-left-behind-me-found-another-guy songs. The best thing the authorities

could do for Army morale would be to put the screws on all direct descendants of *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree* . . . To Gabriel Heatter, perpetual emotionalist, who uses the same tremolo whether he plugs toothpaste or Timoshenko . . . To the maudlin reverence for *God Bless America*, an ordinary song at best—and to the people who stand up whenever it is played. Remember, it is *not* the national anthem.

Parlor Games:

. . . Next time you listen to a news broadcast, check off how many times you hear the following phrases:

World-wide facilities . . . the air arm lashed out . . . shambles . . . exacting a heavy toll . . . major defeat . . . minor losses . . . large-scale operations . . . air superiority . . . mopped up . . . the heel of the Nazi aggressor . . . reliable sources . . . unusually

reliable sources . . . concerted effort . . . ruthless hordes . . . valiant defenders . . . plan of attack . . . Nazi-dominated Europe . . . Allied strength . . . Allied strategy . . . Jap installations . . . widely extended areas.

File and Forget:

• • • Nostradamus said the present war will be decided in Turkey . . . Tempus Fugit: From a travel advertisement of eight years ago—"Visit France . . . the spas of Vichy will renew your body and soul" . . . From an epitaph in a New England country churchyard: "Here lies John Auricular, In the Ways of the Lord He Walked Perpendicular" . . . Oliver Wendell Holmes, amateur photographer, used to sign all his photographs "By O. W. Holmes and Sun" . . . Teaser for word detectives: Try to find a language in which the word for "Mother" does not begin with an "M" . . . Another thing you can thank the Russians for: The wheat fields of America sprang from a few grains of Kharkov wheat; American bread comes from Russian wheat . . . Onoquinapaskaesanog is the name of a small Eastern river . . . The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism has an enrolled membership of 500 persons . . . Tip to Mr. Morgenthau: If Congressmen and other public servants with franking privileges were forced to buy their own postage stamps, the post office would make at least 40,000,000 dollars a year . . . Move Over, John Bull: If you include our Antarctic possessions, the sun never sets on the pos-

sessions of the United States of America. Hall of Fame: Henry J. Kaiser was the first man to put rubber tires on wheelbarrows.

Quote—Unquote:

¶ THOMAS L. MASSON: "What if my trousers are shabby and worn? They cover a warm heart."

¶ CHICK YOUNG: "A quick way to tell if ink is dry . . . is to rub it with your hand."

¶ ANONYMOUS TRAVELING SALESMAN: "Rome is a fair-sized town, but I couldn't help thinking when I was there that she had seen all of her best days."

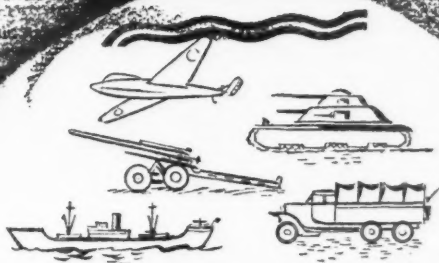
¶ GEORGE T. LANIGAN: "A certain man went from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who beat him and stripped him, and left him for dead. A Good Samaritan, seeing this, clapped spurs to his horse and galloped away, lest he should be sent to the House of Detention as a witness while the robbers were released on bail."

¶ FIELD MARSHAL FEDOR VON BOCK: "The ideal soldier thinks only when ordered to do so."

Hollywood In a Hurry:

• • • From an essay on love by Betty Grable: "Show me a man who knows all the answers to love and I'll show you a bore and a conceited fool!" . . . From a fan magazine article on the marriage of Lana Turner to Stephen Crane: "It should be a matter for rejoicing that a plain American kid's good enough for a motion picture star!"

Portfolio of Personalities



Automotive Merlins

by CHRISTY BORTH

THE MEN WE'D like to introduce are not the starched shirt breed. They're more at home in some cubby hole quarters in the plant, where machines roar and blueprints litter desks.

For these men are doers, not talkers, and Pearl Harbor gave them a whale of a job. The automotive industry that employs them was asked to build 75 per cent of all aircraft engines, one third of the machine guns, two fifths of the tanks, half the Diesel engines and all of the motorized units.

These master mechanics and builders pioneered the way, and through the Automotive Council for War Production turned their production secrets and short cuts over to others.

So here are a few unsung heroes in the Arsenal of Democracy—the "little men" who've whittled giant jobs down to digestible size.



Truck Wrangler

For five years after British-born Arthur W. Herrington returned to the U.S. from World War I, he served as consulting engineer at Holabird Quartermaster Motor Base, where he saw the Army experiments with military transport slowly strangle in a noose of tightening purse-strings. Then Herrington packed up his blueprints of all-wheel-drive vehicles, and went to see if private enterprise could do a better job of preparing America.

The late Walter C. Marmon, one of the automotive pioneers, joined him to form Marmon-Herrington, Inc., which produced agile vehicles called "mountain goats" by Northwest lumbermen and "mud cats" by Texas oilmen. Hopes rose when the Army ordered 33, but an appropriation limitation soon curtailed operations. Then Mrs. Herrington read of a projected oil pipeline in the Syrian desert and wondered if the car-trucks could serve as camels.

Herrington, going to London himself, convinced engineers he could build trucks capable of carrying 80 thousand pounds of pipe at 20 m.p.h. on desert sand. A trial vehicle had 12 forward speeds, three reverse, and trundled 40 ton loads over all terrain at an average 25 m.p.h. Iraq Petroleum Company bought it for 35 thousand dollars and ordered three more. The Shah of Persia got wind of the miracle, and as a result Herrington designed and built the motorized equipment for the modern Persian army.

Other assignments followed, and by mid-1940, Herrington's associates



were going full blast on tanks, trucks, motorized cannon, etc., for the British Empire forces.

In January, 1942, when the automotive industry was desperately converting itself for war, the Society of Automotive Engineers elected Colonel Herrington as its president. In March, when Sir Stafford Cripps tried to bring India into the United Nations camp, President Roosevelt dispatched Colonel Herrington there as a member of a commission to aid Indian industrial conversion.



Mere Machinist

Many months before Pearl Harbor, the managers of General Motors Corporation rifled through a batch of activities reports one day, to discover that G.M. had somehow gone into the shipbuilding business. The mystery was traced to the door of George William Codrington, general manager of G.M.'s Cleveland Diesel Engine Division.

As a marine engineer, Codrington had discovered a national emergency need for bottoms to be powered by his company's marine engines. As a plain-

talking man of action, he had contracted for the ship building job without so much as a by-your-leave from his superiors. Just after Pearl Harbor he was rewarded for his foresight with a G.M. vice-presidency.

Marine engines are his first love. He began tinkering with them as a schoolboy in Jacksonville, Florida, and when the United States entered World War I, joined the staff of the Winton Engineer Corporation in Cleveland, Ohio, as a marine superintendent. He became its president and general manager when G.M. acquired Winton as a subsidiary in 1930. In that post he put into marine practice the laboratory developments with which G.M.'s inventive vice-president, Charles Franklin ("Boss") Kettering adapted Diesel power to the propulsion of ships, trucks, busses, and locomotives. In 1938, Codrington dropped a title and remained on as general manager.

He is a tireless dynamo of a man. Stalled in a traffic jam, he has been known to tolerate a two-minute wait in a cab before shouting: "To hell with this!" and stumping off to his destination on foot.

The common denominator in the list of 35 part-time activities and organizations in which he invests his surplus energy is a consuming interest in power. It is an interest uniquely American, springing from the mind of a typical American machinist who thinks of "power" as a mechanical means of lightening human burdens, not a force to be associated with "politics" for human enslavement.

Cast-Steel Charlie

When he over-ran Denmark, Hitler became a personal enemy to Charles E. Sorenson, the big patternmaker and foundryman who, as Ford's vice-president, launched the Ford magnesium foundry, aircraft engine plant and the Willow Run bomber plant.

This key Danish-American workman, who was born in Copenhagen in 1881, migrated to the United States at the age of four. At 19 he was already an accomplished craftsman, and when he went to work for Ford in Detroit his passion for casting soon netted him the nickname "Cast-Iron Charlie." Scores of the castings which replaced machine forgings and helped bring the price of cars within range of the average American's pocket-book were products of his ingenuity. In recent years as a pioneer in the centrifugal casting of steel, he has been rechristened "Cast-Steel Charlie."

Like most of Detroit's masters of

mass production, he tackles tough problems best when he can feel them with his toolwise hands. More than three decades ago he evolved the idea of the moving assembly line by pulling an automobile chassis through successive operations at the end of a stout rope in his capable hands. In January, 1941, he watched hundreds of workmen trying to build huge Consolidated bombers under the open California sky. By sketching all night he and his assistant, Roscoe Smith, were able to complete plans for the world's biggest bomber factory.

That factory today is already producing parts of bombers for assembly elsewhere, and has been designed and tooled to roll bombers from its gargantuan assembly-lines at the rate of one an hour.

"Liberator" is the name which the RAF coined for these planes. That name suits "Cast-Steel Charlie" to a T.



Albert vs. Adolf

Called "The Father of Modern Factory Design" and "World's Number 1 Industrial Architect," Albert Kahn, a white-haired little man of 73, has contributed more to Democracy's victory than many generals, admirals and statesmen combined. From Detroit to Novosibirsk, factories of Albert's design are forging Hitler's doom.

Long before Pearl Harbor, Architect Kahn had perfected the formula for speeding up our armaments program. For mass-production, the first need is factories. And the mass-production of factories is Kahn's specialty. He has been Packard's architect for four decades, Ford's for a third of a century, Chrysler's for almost two decades. For General Motors he has designed more than 150 major plants. In the past 40 years he has dotted the world's industrial landscapes with some 2 billion dollars' worth of factories. In 1941 alone he and his staff rolled out the plans for 20 million square feet of industrial plants for the U.S. defense program.

It was the U.S.S.R. that really discovered Kahn in 1928. Summoned to Moscow, he undertook the huge task of launching Russia's industrialization. He and his staff of 25 architects and engineers not only built factories, but had to find pencils, drafting boards, blueprint machines, and compile a Russian-English technical dictionary to convert peasants and workers into draftsmen and construction crews. By 1930 Kahn's engineers, in full charge of the Soviet's



heavy industrial building program, had built 521 factories and trained more than 4,000 engineers and architects.

After study in Europe, Kahn first took commissions to remodel houses in Detroit. But when the automobile industry began the city's transformation, his talents came into demand as the factories sprang up. From filling the basic needs of this sprawling industry, Kahn mastery of the fundamentals of mass-production emerged.

Kahn is a good-humored, companionable man who is deeply democratic and whose main hope for "after the war" is that his factories will hum with the mass-production of goods that all the people can use.



Mechanic's Mechanic

Henry R. ("Hank") Krueger is a freelance designer of machine tools whose fertile brain has been a leavening force in man's mastery of mechanical mass-production for more than 30 years. His is a little shop, lost in the shadows of one of the largest automobile factories in Detroit. The sign above the door opening on a dingy stairway leading to his cubbyhole office reads *H. R. Krueger & Company*. The "& Company" represents one of the best collections of mechanical know-how that this nation of Yankee mechanics contains.

Many of his men have been with

Hank for over two decades, share his cut plug, snag his cigars right out from under his ample nose, and smudge his desk-top with the grimy backsides of their overalls. From this peculiarly American machine shop has come a steady stream of mechanical short cuts in answer to the United Nations' desperate needs for myriads of arms in a hurry.

Here's a partial list:

An automatic machine for drilling and reaming gun receivers faster than ever before.

Machines for speeding production of Garand rifle parts.

A 10-station automatic giant for chambering machine gun and cannon barrels faster and with fewer men.

A new gun drill tip which tears out the cores of tough steel gun-barrel forgings with almost the ease of a hot ice-pick skewering a pound of butter.

Diamond boring and multiple drilling adaptations to parts for tanks, combat vehicles, guns, engines of all kinds, and a host of other devices blanketed in censorship.

Filling the bill miraculously has always been Hank's profession. Single purpose machines of his design played stellar roles in enabling the fabulous Ford assembly lines to turn out 1,000 Model T "Tin Lizzies" a day prior to World War I.

In the past 20 years he has devised hundreds of special purpose tools for the automobile industry, and in the summer of 1940 when the transition from motor cars to munitions was launched, using his talents for victory took priority over all other activities.

Hoosier Falconer

"Hawk" (officially P-40) is the apt designation of the fighter plane which has wrought most of the havoc that U.S. fighting airmen have dealt out to Axis warplanes. It has been damned, adored and doubted more than any other plane we have. And the Hoosier falconer who designed it is Donald R. ("Don") Berlin, aeronautical engineer on the staff of O. E. Hunt, vice president of General Motors Corporation.

In January, 1926, after five years with the engineering division of the U.S. Army Air Corps, he joined Donald Douglas' staff at Santa Monica, California, and became chief draftsman. In 1929 he designed and built a small three-engined transport plane and went to work for Northrop Corporation at Burbank. Within eight months he was chief engineer. In the lean winter of 1931-1932 he worked also for Stearman Aircraft Company at Wichita, Kansas.

In 1934 he left Northrop to join Curtiss as project engineer on fighter planes at the Buffalo plant. There he designed an experimental pursuit plane. An all-metal fighter, the first with retractable undercarriage, it became the Air Corps' P-36. He was made chief engineer.

In 1937 Germany dropped the mask. The amazing performances of Heinkels and Messerschmitts spurred developmental work which the British began in 1936 on Supermarine Spitfires. And in the U.S. Don Berlin's designs were refined into the first of

the Hawk series, a low wing fighter with a liquid-cooled engine. By November, 1940, when Don was appointed director of military engineering of Curtiss-Wright Corporation's airplane division, the Tomahawk was already winning the affection of the R.A.F. In January, 1942, when he joined General Motors' staff, Claire Chennault's "Flying Tigers," riding a few battered and patched shark-faced Tomahawks, were writing history in shattered fragments of Jap Zeros on the good earth of China.

The controversies that have raged over his planes' performances have not ruffled the calm disposition of the Hoosier falconer. For his motto is: "Let not the honking of the wild goose turn your hand from the plow."



Old Smoothie

David A. Wallace is a rough and rumpled master mechanic who fathered a mechanical method of making metal surfaces so smooth that powerful microscopes cannot detect scratches on them. He originally developed the principle to eliminate annoying clicks and buzzes in motor cars. But the idea was perfected just in time—in high-speed, multi-horsepowered aircraft engines all metal surfaces must be mirror-smooth, as scratches deeper than a millionth of an inch become fatigue cracks.

Wallace's contribution to the metal-working arts, called "superfinish," is hard at work today in hundreds of shops in Democracy's arsenal. Wallace, too, is back in the shops since the war pulled him from behind his desk where, as president of the Chrysler division of Chrysler Corporation, he had directed car sales. Now he converts motor car plants into departments of the United States' arsenal.

His most recent contribution to the Navy is a rectangular steel pontoon that can be propelled by an automobile engine adapted to the role of an outboard motor. These pontoons are so constructed that any number of them may be linked together. They can be used as barges, docks, bridges, causeways or boats.

Dave Wallace has had an active hand, too, in the development of Chrysler-Bell air raid sirens of the stationary and portable types and the Chrysler emergency fire fighting equipment. And he has played a con-



siderable part in applying mass-production techniques to the manufacture of anti-aircraft cannon, 30 ton tanks and Martin medium bombers.

Like the late Walter Chrysler, he was a Kansas boy who became a machinist through apprenticeship in a railroad shop. Since then he has always liked to have some honest grime under his finger nails and has never quite got used to an executive's desk. He likes to swap Rabelaisian yarns, play cutthroat poker and hunt big game in the north woods with cronies who are machinists, mechanics and toolmakers. He wears bow ties and works in shirt-sleeved comfort. He dreams of retiring to a farm, and maintains a ranch in Nebraska which he is stocking with fat-rumped Herefords.

It seems that the lowly goat now is the ideal wartime dairy. When you say bottoms up with goat's milk, you're on the road to health



Nectar from a Nanny

by BARBARA HEGGIE

WHAT DO YOU know about goats? That they are a mammal species of trouble who eat the laundry on the line, munch happily on tin cans, smell to high heaven, and whose milk is only fit to be drunk by those who like the flavor of the city dump?

That is what you think.

Fortunately, each week a growing number of Americans are debunking the antiquated goat libels and are availing themselves of the perfect method of growing their own milk along with their own Victory garden.

Yes, the much maligned goat is proving herself to be the perfect wartime dairy for the small householder. Taking care of a goat is no more trouble for the average housewife than coping with 20 chickens, or for suburbanites than owning a collie. The popular fallacy that goats charge from the rear the minute your back is turned is easily exploded by seeing

for yourself how affectionate and devoted a goat becomes when given her quota of attention.

"There's no such thing as a bad goat," said one proud owner of a goat dairy emphatically. "The only trouble is that they get so fond of you that they practically mob you every time you pay them a call."

Unlike the cow, who must have a sizeable acreage of good pasture, a goat can live happily on an acre of scrub, or even in your back yard. A long tether and an iron stake are all you need to hold her, and she will keep your brambles cropped and your brush down, and munch away at that nest of poison ivy with as much relish as though it were the finest bundle of hay on the market. Just be careful, though, that she doesn't eat any laurel or wild cherry with it, both of which spell skull and crossbones to the goat world.

Today's principal dairy breeds of goats are the Swiss Toggenburg, the Saanen (also of Swiss origin), the French Alpine (with its American offshoot, the Rock Alpine) and the Anglo-Nubian. The small householder about to embark on the adventure of installing his own dairy cannot do better than to purchase a short-haired Toggenburg or a Saanen doe. Since pedigrees are unnecessary, the beginner should purchase grades. For \$35 he can be the proud owner of a doe which provides him daily with two to three quarts of delicious milk.

ONCE you get your goat you will need to stable her, of course—in quarters that are kept clean and at a temperature of 50 degrees in winter. A small wooden stall in the garage or well-swept cellar, with a bedding of straw or leaves, will do her nicely. But a daily refurbishing of the stall is imperative as the goat is fastidious. In summertime she will only require a modest amount of goat ration—prepared feed—and in winter three dollars a month will just about keep her in grain and hay. Goats are



milked twice a day—morning and evening—and in case you and your wife are busy, you can turn the job over to Junior. Anyone with two arms and a pail can milk a goat.

A nice example of just how your goat will operate as a budget saver, as well as a household pet and a vacuum cleaner for scrub acreage, is the story of how a 16-year-old miss named Esther tired of begging for pocket money, and went out and got herself two good milk goats on the installment plan. She had wooden box stalls made for them, and collected enough leaves in the fall to provide bedding the year round. She milked them in the wood shed, where she had rigged up an ingeniously simple cooling system. Above a four foot square of linoleum she fastened to the ceiling a tent-like arrangement of mosquito netting. Under the netting an apple box, enamelled white, stood for a table, and on it a four quart glass jar was placed in an old kettle filled with ice and water.

Esther averaged 13 dollars and 50 cents a month for the three quarts of milk which she sold to her mother every morning. In June, butter and cream brought more remuneration. With the skimmed milk she made cottage cheese, which she packaged and sold to defense workers in a local factory for a cool 18 dollars. (Incidentally, just about the most delectable cheese you ever tasted is Neufchatel cream cheese, made from goat's milk by the simplest of methods.)

Famed goat fanciers include Gandhi, who always travels with his per-

sonal herd in attendance, Mrs. Carl Sandburg, Mrs. Artur Rodzinski, and John Held, Jr., who is responsible for the saying that goats are swell people. Once you are sold on goats you just can't help crusading. Up in North Lovell, Maine, lives a retired millionaire who raises them especially for the purpose of persuading all the small farmers for miles around to buy one and drink the milk. If he can't make a sale he has even been known to break down and give a doe away. Every time he drives past a farm and sees a goat tethered near the house, he gets out and congratulates the owner.

Perhaps the most altruistic of all goat enthusiasts is Mrs. Norma Jacob of Jamaica, Vermont, a veteran relief worker, whose herd of sturdy Toggenburgs are slated for passage on the first relief boat to sail for Europe. In the midst of famine, pestilence, civil war, revolution or flood, these goats each will deliver two quarts a day for hungry tots. Goats can take it.

The goat's resistance to disease is one more reason why she is a blessing to the small householder. TB is practically unknown among them and goats are immune to Bangs disease which annually causes the slaughter of thousands of our dairy cows.

Actually, because of the goat's widespread popularity in Asia and the Middle East, more people drink goat's milk than cow's milk. In the United States alone are 5 million goats, representing one-thirtieth of the world's goat population, and the annual re-

tail value of goat's milk in America is estimated at a quarter of a billion dollars.

THE ONLY registered goat dairy in the country belongs to Julius Goldstein, a retired textile manufacturer of Westchester County, who sells the milk for 65 cents a quart in food shops in New York City. Goldstein was looking around for a choice spot to retire to, his only stipulation being that he must have a body of water on the place large enough to swim in. Eventually he purchased a place near Yorktown Heights that had no less than seven lakes on it—some of them, to be sure, on the smallish side; the estate had an acreage of over 300, which seemed to indicate that some form of livestock would have to be installed. First he thought of sheep, but a veterinarian friend suggested goats, pointing out that they would keep the grass down just as well and were much more intelligent and amusing. Goldstein invested in a week-old Saanen kid, which in the course of time matured into a whiskered billy-goat who looked pretty lonesome. Five does were purchased to keep him happy, and today Mr. Goldstein, although he still doesn't quite know how it all happened, has 70 goats.

At Seven Lakes Goat Farm the does are cared for like a corps of Imperial Ballet dancers. A monthly haircut, a daily beard brushing, and a pedicure are only among the few attentions showered upon them. An interne takes a test of the milk twice daily to test it for purity.

In the past, Buddha, Confucius and Zoroaster have praised the virtues of goat's milk, and it is worth remembering that in the Balkan countries, where peasants are in the habit of living to an age which makes our greybeards look like spring chickens, goat's milk and cheese are a main item in the diet. Many physicians believe goat's milk is superior to cow's milk for human consumption. Obviously, they point out, a goat which has a kid relatively the size of a newborn human child gives milk which is more suited to the digestive system of a baby than a cow, whose calf will weigh some thirty pounds.

The fat globules of goat's milk are very much smaller than those of cow's milk, and curd separates into clots which are so soluble that it can be digested in half the time. Increasingly, hospitals are using it for delicate children, invalids, expectant mothers and those suffering from malnutrition. Goldstein is shipping milk to Manhattan clinics for experimentation in curing eczema in babies.

The reason why goat's milk cures eczema, Goldstein explains, is that the most common cause of infantile eczema is the sensitiveness of the baby to the protein of cow's milk. Sufferers from hyper-acidity of the stomach, indigestion, and even stomach ulcers, benefit from goat's milk in varying degrees since it is alkaline in its reaction.

For some reason, which doctors haven't gotten around to explaining, goat's milk also is said to help ward off hay fever, and most poignant of all cures to the average American, a goat which has dined off poison ivy will guarantee immunity to whosoever drinks her milk.

There is a glittering chain of reasons why the householder of today who owns a goat can call himself lucky. And for the healthy there is just one more item to consider:

Goat's milk, slugged with rum or brandy, is a nightcap that will send you off to bed with just enough internal glow to make you bless the day you went in for your own dairy!



In the Judgment of the Court

¶Those who shoot at their friends for amusement ought to warn them first that it is mere sport.
(*Crumbley v. State, Ga.*)

¶When one party is drunk and the other party an infant, the contract is voidable.
(*Walker v. Davis, Mass.*)

¶There is nothing certain in a lawsuit except the expense of it.
(*Cox Shoe Co. v. Adams, Iowa*)

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL, JET

The fabulous adventures of an American girl who worked with Japan's Fifth Column to revive Democracy in the Far East



What the Japs Told Me

by JOY HOMER

THE LETTER hiring me as an underground lecturer in Japan was phrased like this: "We hope, dear Miss Homer, that you will contrive to visit us in November when the chrysanthemums are yet in bloom. Our places of beauty—Tokyo, Kyoto, Nikko—they eagerly await your desirable presence."

The gentlemen who wrote this letter were anti-war, anti-fascist Japanese who had been working secretly against their Government. They had tried to stir up anger against the China "incident" and sympathy for the democracies. Some were business men, some college professors, some actually Government leaders. Because I had just returned from a year in Free and Occupied China and could be relied upon as an eye witness, these men arranged for me to visit Tokyo and lecture secretly on Japanese atrocities.

That's how it happened. I sailed

from Shanghai, one November night, on the strangest lecture tour imaginable. I brought with me no tell-tale literature to give away my mission, only some smuggled photographs taken in Nanking by Japanese soldiers—photographs of rape and murder.

After four months spent at their bayonet points in a dozen conquered cities, my impression of the Japs was not a pleasant one. I had been shoved about, questioned like a criminal, shot at more than once, and forced to watch Chinese coolies clubbed and kicked to death. But in the home country I was to meet a different breed.

My first morning, while I was still hard at my cup of coffee, a very young man burst into the dining room, loaded down with notebooks. It would seem he had recently started an underground press devoted to fighting Japan's military regime and stirring up sympathy for China. In the next

hour I supplied him with enough material to last a dozen issues. Round-faced, smiling but stubborn in his convictions, he was perhaps the only Japanese of my acquaintance who refused to sit about and bewail the state of his nation. Instead, he went ahead and did something about it. I hope he is still alive.

The next afternoon I swallowed my stagefright and delivered my first lecture. The audience consisted of the men who had arranged my visit, plus their friends, families and acquaintances. The last group worried me a bit; for they were not quite heart and soul against their Government. And if I failed to convince even one of these non-believers, he might go straightway to the police and lead to our collective arrest. For an hour I told them stories of China, stories of agony and murder, of needless brutality, and finally of China's queer tolerance toward her conquerors. At the end of that hour, each man and woman present shook me warmly by the hand and the meeting closed with a prayer for China's victory.

This may sound outlandish; but

After three years as a reporter in China, Joy Homer is fully equipped to give the low-down on affairs Asiatic. She has journeyed through all but three of China's provinces and interviewed Chinese leaders the country over. No safety-first correspondent, she has been target for machine gun and rifle fire, has watched battles from front line trenches, and traveled with guerrilla units behind the Japanese lines. Through all the fortunes of war, Miss Homer has worked side by side with the people whose struggle she recounts, making her tales exciting and authentic.

many groups in Japan are pretty plaintive about their war. Japanese Communists, few in number and helpless to act, wait patiently for the day when their Government will fall and they will inherit the rule. Members of the Diet, Japan's version of Parliament, watch their powers taken one by one away and think dark thoughts about their military cabinet. Within the Japanese army itself exist cliques and intrigues, while between the army and navy there is a half-century of mutual suspicion.

BUT ONE group in Tokyo really surprised me.

Somehow I had always thought of Japan's editors and publishers as a crowd of eager patriots. For years they had issued their government's farcical military communiques with a straight face and a lot of long words. But for one long comic afternoon I conferred with reporters from Tokyo's leading papers, and the single purpose of this meeting was to infuse some anti-military, pro-Chinese stories into the Japanese press. Seldom have I met men with fewer illusions. After a decade of printing their Government's pronouncements, they would move the world on its foundations for the sake of a little truth. For some time now, these men had been printing subversive copy about atrocities in China and their army's bungling by issuing it in the form of denials. And Tokyo readers had long since learned to believe implicitly any statement which was hotly denied in their press.

As for my tales—sure enough, when

I was safely out of the country, Tokyo papers carried "emphatic" denials. In this way, I probably reached my largest audience.

On the whole, though, the country is bombarded with idiotic propaganda. Every day of the year, the average Japanese is reminded that his army is fighting in China to "free the poor oppressed Chinese from their Communist dictators." He hears that his army and navy must now fight America because America, for some unmentioned reason, is eager to exterminate Japan. He has a proper schoolboy crush on his Military through sheer force of repetition.

And though the average Japanese is highly dissatisfied with war conditions (lack of fuel and a thousand other necessities), he is also ready to live, fight and die for his country. Those of us who hopefully talk of bombing Japan into a state of internal revolt are barking up the wrong tree. You do not find rebellion among martyrs, and while bombs may destroy Japan's factories, they cannot destroy her nerves.

AMONG the intelligentsia, however, little groups of heretics hold out like small guerrilla bands. And you can't scoff at their inertia despite the fact that they talk much and do little. After all, it took no small amount of nerve to bring me to Japan to speak. A single quiet whisper in the ear of the Tokyo police force and they might all have disappeared mysteriously from their homes, never to return.

They are enormously sincere and

capable of becoming competent administrators. Many are loved by their people and fellow statesmen, and they may claim a large following when the war is done. For it is only the sanity of men like these that will be able to guide Japan to a right place among the nations.

There is no certain way of knowing exactly how many such Japanese exist. Once at a dinner party I spoke bluntly on the subject of Japan's military sins. I met the usual resistance from shocked guests, among them my elderly host. But later that evening as I was leaving, he trotted along, his beard as agitated as a wheatfield while he hissed intently: "Please, you must not believe me. I hate this war. I *hate* it. But I dare not speak out. I am ashamed, truly."

It spoke well for Japan's democratic fifth column that I was able to leave for America aboard a Japanese liner. No hint of my job there had been breathed to the authorities. And today the number of rebels has grown. Japan's attack on her American "enemies" has naturally drawn some of her dissatisfied fence-sitters back to the side of her Military. But this same attack has confirmed the faint hearted belief of many more that they are in the hands of madmen. I am convinced that very few men in the Japanese Government knew of the plans for Pearl Harbor. Even their Mikado was kept in happy ignorance. And the hundreds of loyal Government men, the members of the Diet and other institutions who have been shorn of their powers and dragged wholesale

into a great war—they will not soon forget or forgive.

But we must not expect too much from them. Japan's culture is barely skin deep, regardless of her military successes. And even her most intelligent and sophisticated citizens are incredibly naive. In dealing with them, we will find use for an applied Alice-in-Wonderland psychology.

Take, for example, the last group that I met on Japanese soil—a crowd of several hundred students, all of whom adored their army and thought their country could do no wrong. It was up to me to convince them, or their teacher and I would find ourselves in jail.

I talked. I argued. I pled. I showed proof. At the end of an hour some of the students, far from being convinced, were obviously infuriated.

At this moment their teacher arose and introduced my fiance, also a correspondent homeward bound from China. She asked him to speak. As he

rose awkwardly to his feet my heart sank, for I feared more talk was dangerous.

But he came forward and faced the semi-hostile group. He said not a word. Instead, he reached quietly into his coat pocket and came forth with a pack of cards. Then and there he gave the boys a magic show that left them bug-eyed. An amateur magician, he caused half the objects in the room to disappear before the evening was out. And the boys knew a master when they saw one. All the wonderful hot arguments faded from their eyes and their brains. War and rape and murder wandered out the window as 200 slanted eyes began to glisten. Then laughter began and the room was soon in an uproar. When they said good-bye to us that night, there was worship in their attitude.

Which may point a way to raising good post-war Japs. We might treat them as criminally inclined children in need of playgrounds and lollypops.

John Falter

By His Deeds . . . Measure Yours is not a museum piece to be viewed in a contemplative mood. Inherent in any fight for freedom are death and human tragedy; John Falter paints these grim truths in his war posters with a matching realism. Only by doing so, he believes, can an artist rouse the nation to the righteous anger which wins wars. Thirty-two year old Falter, who not many years ago was drawing for the blood-and-thunder pulps, today is one of the nation's highest-paid illustrators. He has now enlisted his talents in the United States Naval Reserve. His specialty—Navy recruiting posters.

Peter Helck

That a rattling caboose and curve of track can be dramatic is the special talent of Peter Helck, best known for his train and railroad subjects. In 1941, he was a winner in the Annual Advertising Art Exhibit in New York.

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BY PETER HELCK

Fast Freight



*By His
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BY JOE



*His Deeds . . .
Measure Yours*

BY JOHN FALTER



Gallery of Photographs

***Contributed by the 18 prize-winners
in Coronet's Army Camera Contest:***

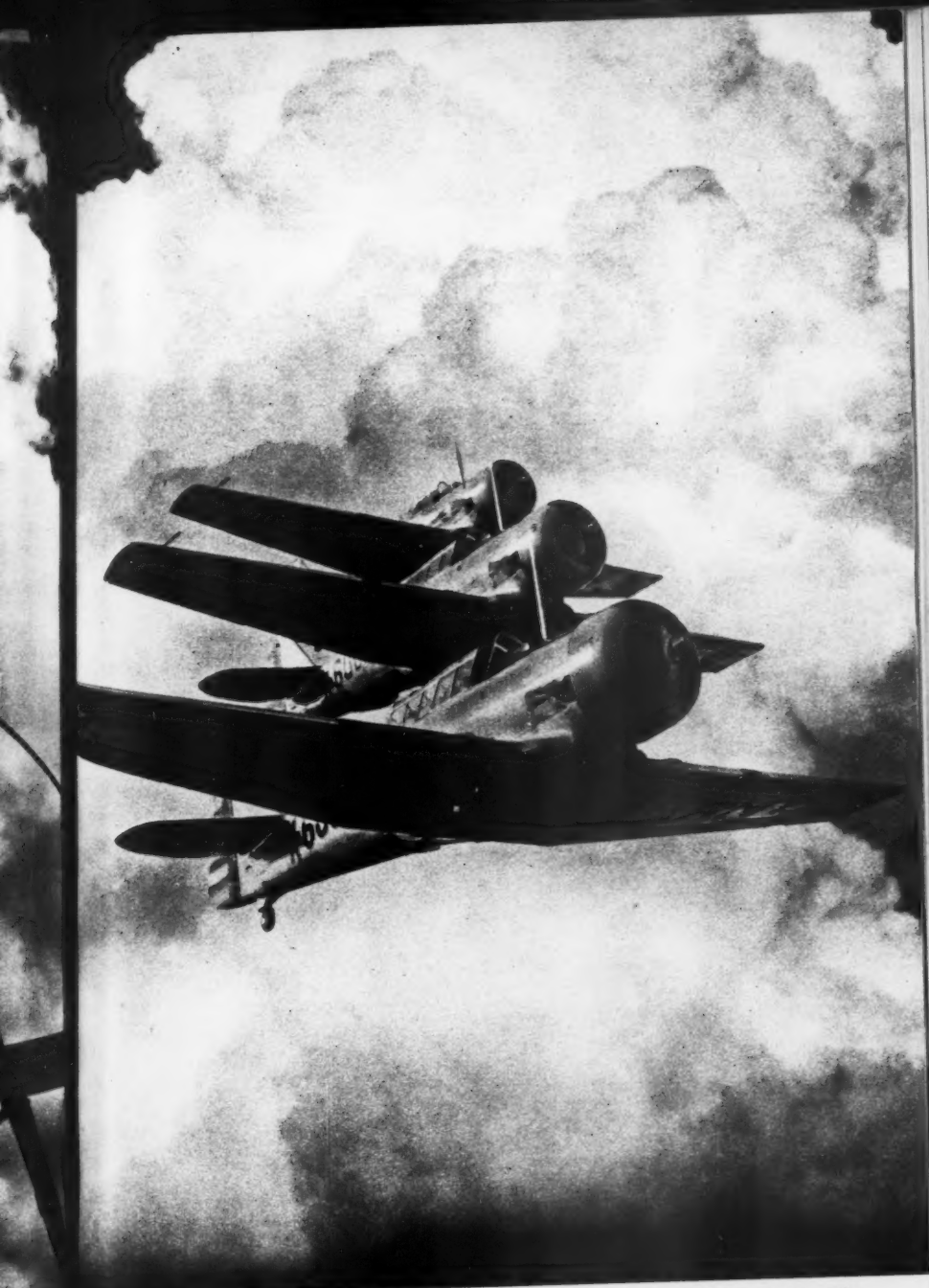
CAPTAIN JUDSON H. SCOTT (Title page)
STAFF SERGEANT BENITO R. HERRERA
CAPTAIN BARRY GOLDWATER
CORPORAL JOSEPH SCAYLEA
SERGEANT CHARLES GENELLA
PRIVATE EDDIE BENJAMIN
TECHNICIAN ROBERT R. ROWE, 3rd GRADE
SERGEANT R. O. SHARPE
CORPORAL HOMER F. STERNER
CAPTAIN JAMES F. BALL
SERGEANT SYDNEY L. GREENBERG
CORPORAL GEORGE A. HARRE
CORPORAL R. L. MCCORMACK
CORPORAL UPTON P. GUNBERT
CORPORAL ALFRED E. BARNES, JR.
CORPORAL WILLIAM PEERY
1ST LIEUTENANT RICHARD T. HEADRICK
TECHNICAL SERGEANT WILLIAM L. KELLEY





Weather Eye

SGT. BENITO HERRERA, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA



ALABAMA BARRY GOLDWATER, YUMA AIR BASE, ARIZONA

Triple Threat



Sarge

CPL. JOSEPH SCAYLEA, GRAY FIELD, WASHINGTON ST.



WASHINGTON — SGT. CHARLES GENELLA, CAMP LIVINGSTON, LA.

Happy Warrior



Strolling Soldier

PVT. EDDIE BENJAMIN, FORT BRADY, MICHIGAN



CHICAGO TECH. ROBERT ROWE, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Troubleshooter



Revolving Up

SGT. R. G. SHARPE, LUKE FIELD, ARIZONA

HOM



ARIZONA HOMER STERNER, FORT MEADE, MARYLAND

Sun Porch



Special Delivery

CAPT. JAMES F. BALL, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA



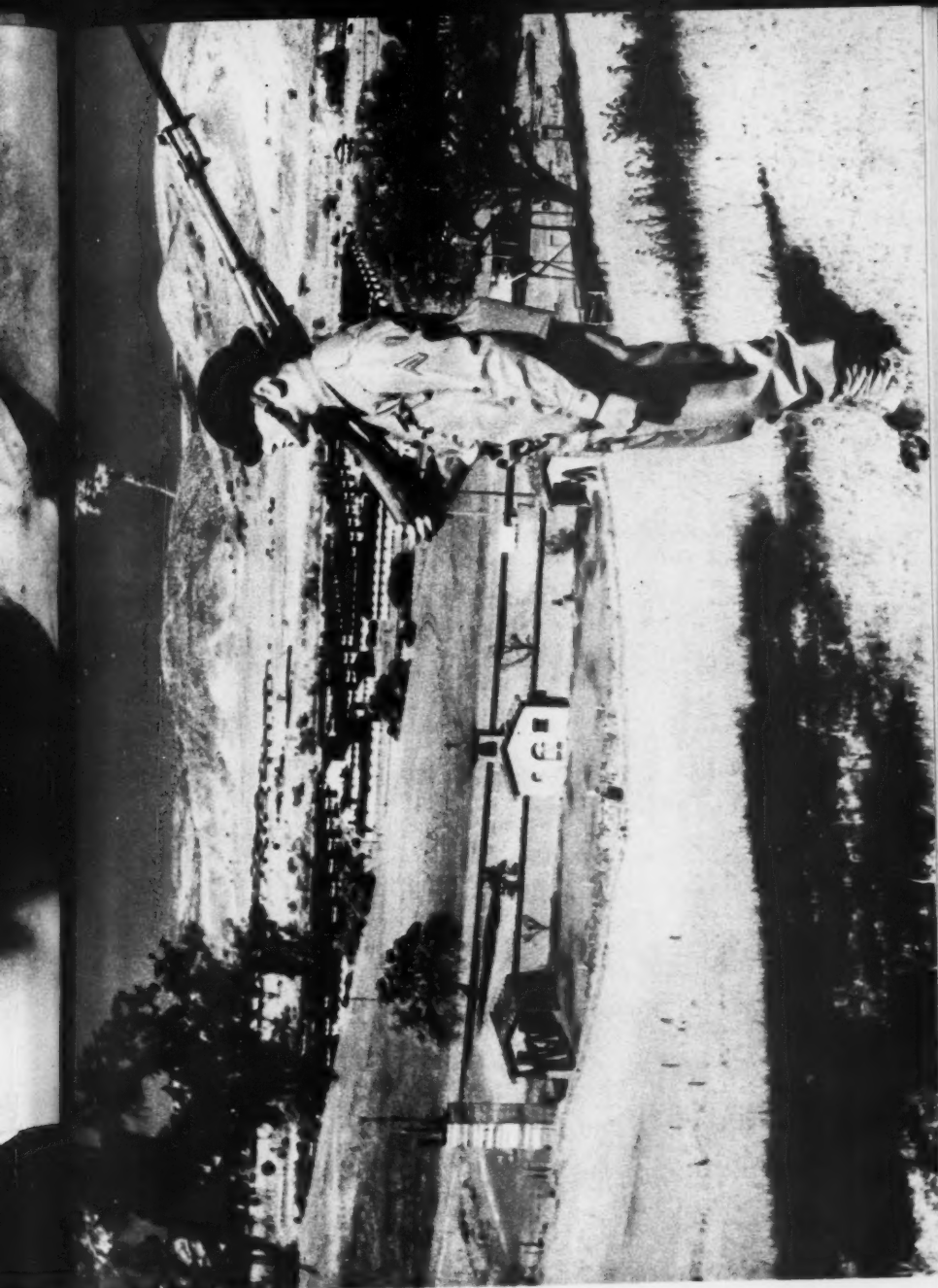
ALABAMA SYDNEY GREENBERG, CAMP BLANDING, FLA.

Jive Bomber



Footwork

CPL. GEORGE A. HARRIS, FORT BLISS, TEX. R



LISS, T. L. R. L. MCCORMACK, CAMP ROBERTS, CALIF.

All-American Scene



Wings in Waiting

CPL. UPTON GUISBERT, LUKE FIELD, ARIZONA - A



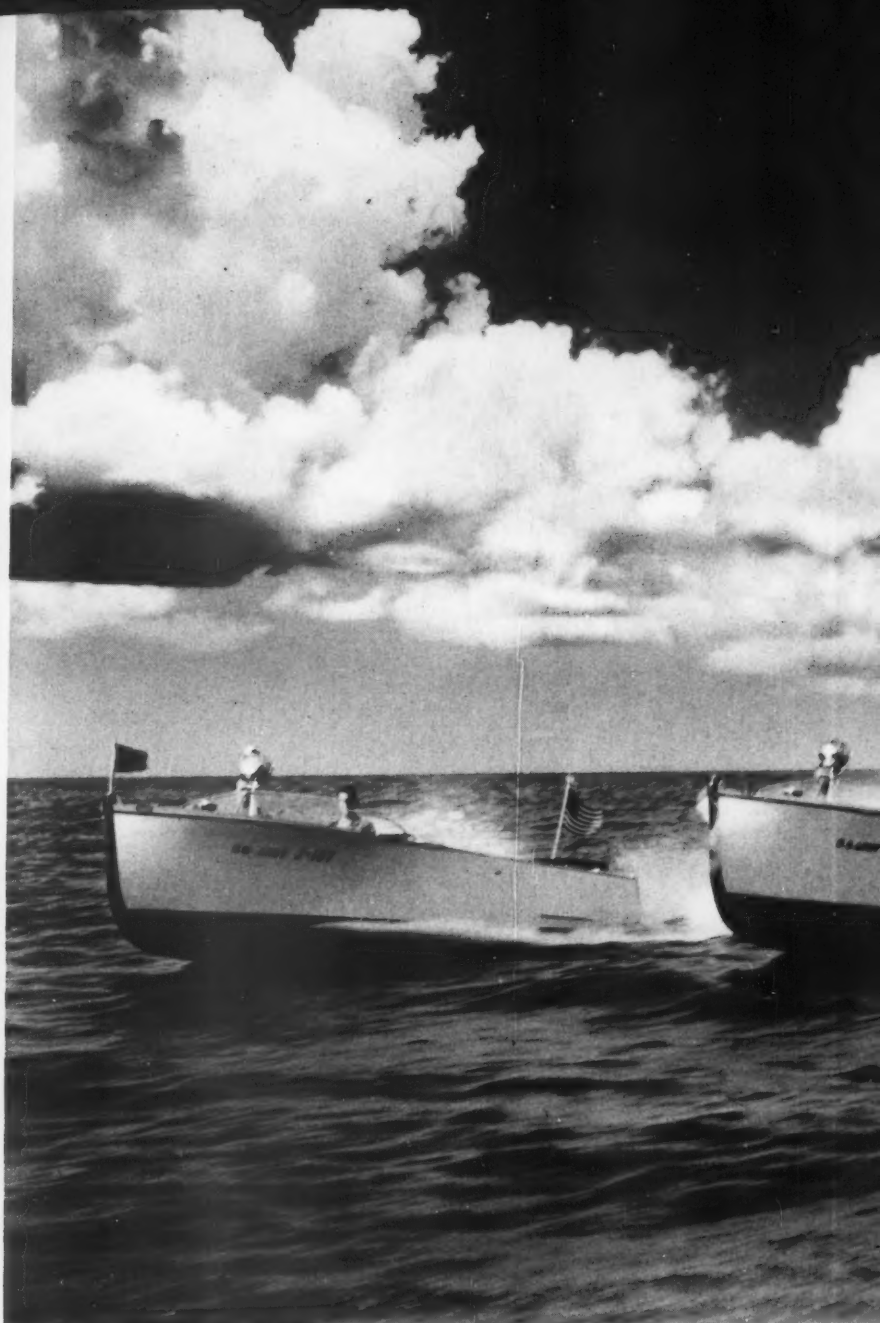
ARIZONA. ALFRED BARNES, WILLIAMS FIELD, ARIZONA

God's Little Acre



"One Nation Indivisible"

CPL. WILLIAM PEERY, FORT WARREN, W



SGT. WILLIAM KELLEY, MACDILL FIELD, FLORIDA

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Soldiers Aweigh



The Eagle Rests



1ST LT. RICHARD HEADRICK, GEIGER FIELD, WASHINGTON



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NGTON

The fabulous facts of the Black Market where England's war profiteers buy forbidden luxuries—an advance warning to America



Blueprint for Blackguards

by ROBERT ST. JOHN

IN A SWANKY Mayfair apartment here in London, a man and his wife have been busy lately filling small celluloid containers with shoe polish. One can of shoe polish fills 20 containers. The gilt label on the container reads: "Superior Brand Eye Mascara." The shoe polish costs sixpence (about 10 cents) a can. Unsuspecting English girls interested in beauty at any cost pay half a crown (50 cents) for the mascara. Even after the containers and labels are paid for, there's a profit of something like 1,900 per cent.

It's just one of England's wartime rackets.

But let's get one thing straight at the start. The English have always been a traditionally law-abiding people. They still are. Herbert Morrison, the Minister of Home Defense, told me recently that there has been no great jump in crime here in Eng-

land during two and a half years of blackout. Millions of men and women this winter have been laboring long hours in war factories. Other millions are in the armed forces, ready to give their lives to protect the democratic way of life. Yet here in London there is an element of war profiteers willing to risk their necks to pile up illicit fortunes. "Risk their necks" is no figure of speech, because many an indignant newspaper reader has written lately to the Fleet Street editors demanding death for wartime racketeers—death on a scaffold in Trafalgar Square.

The first thing that strikes an American is the similarity between England's present-day racketeering and our own bootlegging back in the prohibition era.

Most items of food are strictly rationed over here. But if you want half a pig or a side of beef, all you

have to do is to find someone with "connections." He takes you down a dark street. You rap four times on the right door. A panel slides open. Your friend says, "It's all right, Joe." And then you slip in. Your friend introduces you and says you're okay. So—Joe sells you Black Market meat at exorbitant prices. But without demanding any of those priceless ration tickets which the government doles out to all of us.

It's like the prohibition days, too, in that lately some of the little fellows have been arrested, while the "Al Capones" of the rackets continue to operate with immunity. As for those who have been arrested, they've been adding enough to the sale price of the goods they handle to pay any possible fines. One group of Black Market operators recently formed an insurance pool. Each man contributes a certain percentage of his profits each week. The pool then pays the fines of any participant who gets into trouble.

Now let's look at some of the rackets.

Here in England, when a shopper goes in to buy any rationed article (gasoline, clothing or food), he must give up coupons. In order to get new shipments of merchandise, the retailer must turn the coupons over to the wholesaler. And the wholesaler to the manufacturer, who delivers them to the government in exchange for raw material. Those coupons are more precious than money itself. And so a counterfeit ring has sprung up. (To give you an idea of the value of each coupon, it takes six to buy a man's

shirt and 11 for a woman's dress.) The counterfeiters sell the coupons for 10 cents apiece to individuals, who then can use them to make purchases in legitimate shops. But the forged coupons are also sold in bulk lots to illegitimate shops at 5 dollars a thousand. Shopkeepers who buy them use them to get merchandise from a wholesaler and then they sell the goods "black." That is, they double the price and demand no coupons from the purchaser.

MANUFACTURERS generally mail the coupons in bundles back to the government. The other day 158 thousand coupons were stolen from a postoffice by a gang which substituted bundles of worthless paper for the purloined packages.

Most of the food and a lot of the liquor which finds its way into the Black Market is stolen from railroad freight cars or from lorries. Sometimes it's done by plain hijacking and other times it's done more cleverly, with false bills of lading and other technical tricks. The president of one of the big British railroads has just stated publicly that wholesale robbery and pilfering on the railways has now reached "appalling proportions."

This same man gave us an example of how cleverly the pilferers work. In the liquor field, they do it this way: When no one's looking, the cover is taken off a case of whisky. Ten of the twelve bottles are removed, the contents dumped into an empty gasoline drum, and then the bottles are replaced, empty, and the lid nailed on

again. Finally, while one racketeer drives off with the drum of whisky, his accomplice, working for the railroad, drops the case of bottles so that they break. The contents of the two full bottles give off enough smell to cover up the theft.

The biggest Black Market food and liquor customers are hotels and restaurants catering to that class of people which one Cabinet minister recently said "is still trying to live just as it did back in peace days."

Some of the biggest Black Market fortunes are being made these days by racketeers who cater to that select little group of women who must have the normal number of silk stockings, war or no war, and their silk lingerie and fur coats, regardless of what clothing allowances the ration board sets for the country.

Men who deal directly with this "carriage trade" often try to appear on the up-and-up by handing out a variety of excuses. Here are a few of them:

"We have been bombed-out and must get rid of our stock."

"Our partners are joining the army and we're closing down."

"These are goods seized from enemy ships."

But some of the operators are extremely bold. For example, a little

advertisement appeared in the London papers not long ago. A woman had a second-hand fur coat she wanted to sell quickly. The price was amazingly cheap. The address turned out to be a luxury apartment, where a "Clothing Speakeasy" was being run. Customers were supplied with cocktails and cigarettes before any business was discussed. The manager did go through the formality of producing the second-hand coat, but he talked it down. Madame, of course, wouldn't

be interested in anything so cheap as a coat like this, but wouldn't she like to see some of our new coats.

If the matter of coupons was mentioned (no coupons are required for any second-hand clothes) a very coy young woman assistant said:

"Don't talk about trifles. That can be arranged."

The speakeasy carried silk stockings, lingerie, dresses and fur coats of all kinds. Ermine, mink, blue fox and Persian lamb. They ran into the thousands of dollars apiece. The manager even offered to take diamonds in exchange for the coupon-free clothing.

In every big restaurant in the West End the Wine Butler still hands you an elaborate Wine List when you sit down to dinner. Prices run into astronomical figures, and the supplies seem to be unlimited. Where is it all coming

Coming in February!

How Good a Propagandist Are You?

Test Yourself in Coronet



from, after two and a half years of war? Well, a lot of it comes from racketeers who are copying the tricks of our own bootleggers of two decades ago. They print counterfeit labels, smear the bottles with cobwebs and fill them with anything at hand. The other day an astute restaurateur was offered a few cases of Pommard which used to be a famous French wine. The bottles looked the age printed on the labels. But the restaurant man suddenly noticed the words: "Grand Vin de Bordeaux." And then he remembered that Pommard is a Burgundy. The racketeers who printed the labels hadn't even taken the trouble to get the district right.

London's "Bottle Clubs" are by now an institution. The law requires any place selling liquor to close by 11 p. m. Clubs, where members are drinking their own liquor, however, are exempted. And so, all over London, there are night clubs which stay open until dawn. But to get in, you must be a "member" and you must give them your order for a bottle of

wine or whisky or champagne many days in advance. The price you pay for this liquor ordered in advance makes New York's cabaret prices seem like lunch cart stuff.

Many an unscrupulous manufacturer who has been making worthless and sometimes harmful substitutes for scarce articles of food has been arrested lately. One was manufacturing what he called an "egg substitute." It actually contained 90 per cent wheat flour. The other 10 per cent was soy beans, bicarbonate of soda, gum and dye.

It costs another manufacturer 500 dollars in fines because his "Substitute Cocktail Lemon Juice Containing Vitamin C" was 95 per cent water from the kitchen faucet, and no vitamins.

CHEMISTS who analyzed a powder, sold as a substitute for milk, found it contained nothing but wheat flour, a little soy meal and salt. A health officer said that a child fed on this milk substitute "would die before the mother's eyes."

A widely advertised poultry food was found, on analysis, to be 100 per cent pine wood sawdust. Hardly a food to induce hens to lay eggs, although a government wag said they might lay the boxes to put some other hens' eggs in.

Speaking of sawdust, they're making whisky from sawdust over here now—from sawdust treated with acids. The chemists who examined it called it "plain firewater." Doctors who examined some of the victims

reported partial blindness. It cost 14 cents a bottle to make and sold for 7 dollars.

Another trick of the times, which isn't exactly illegal, is being practised by women who make their own clothes. Dress material costs ration tickets. Curtain material is not rationed. And so, a lot of ingenious women are making their dresses these days from yard goods supposed to be used only for interior decorating.

Lately the police have issued a warning that thieves are now haunting hotels and restaurants, stealing good-looking coats and hats, then selling them at Black Market prices. No clothing coupons are required.

Then there's the cat racket. England has 10 million cats. Often on a dark, moonless night, thousands of cats are snared and killed on the blacked-out streets of England. Their hides are used to make cheap fur coats.

Even the old "gold brick racket" has cropped up here, with a wartime twist, of course. In court recently a Londoner told how a casual acquaintance approached him and whispered a story about a ship sunk off the coast of England with a load of gold bullion enroute to the Bank of England. A diver and a naval officer, he said, were conspiring to salvage that gold. Already they had brought some to the surface. The racketeer offered to sell the 2 thousand ounce gold bars at 8 thousand dollars a bar. The diver, the naval officer and one of the gold bars were all produced at the next meeting. But the prospec-

tive customer produced something, too. A police officer, who discovered that the gold bar was a mixture of copper and brass. Not a grain of gold in it.

The cruelest rackets are those which play on the sentiments of a nation at war. There's the case of Richard Milne, an enterprising young man who put on a big vaudeville show to raise money to buy comforts for men in the forces. The show was a success. A lot of money was raised. But the "comforts" purchased were all for Mr. Milne, who was finally caught and had to pay a 500 dollar fine.

BUT THE PRIZE for sheer cruelty goes to the racketeers who pose as spiritualist mediums. They watch the newspapers for announcements of British soldiers, sailors and airmen missing in action. Then they write a first letter, expressing their sympathy to the mother, or father or wife. The follow-up letter claims spiritualistic powers, and offers to contact the missing person. At the first seance, which is quite expensive, the "medium" holds out some hope that the missing person is still alive. That's the "come-on." To get more information requires additional seances, and the price goes up each time.

Knowing the history of American bootlegging, it's no surprise to discover that over here some of the racketeers have been victimized by super-racketeers—parasites preying on other parasites. In the north of England a number of smalltime dealers in Black Market food went around to a food warehouse, when most of the employees

were away at lunch, and talked with two men who agreed to steal them anything they wanted and deliver it at ridiculously cheap prices. The visitors placed their orders and paid their money. Then they went home to wait for delivery. They're still waiting. When they went back to the warehouse after a few days to find out the reason for the delay in delivery, they discovered the two men had vanished with their money. Naturally the victims couldn't complain to the police any more than a hijacked bootlegger could 15 years ago in America.

Actual rum running has its counterpart in England today in the smuggling of food across from Eire. One woman was arrested recently wearing specially made clothing which contained 40 small pockets for smuggling eggs, and many larger pockets for flour and tea.

The gathering place for most of London's big time racketeers is a busy hotel in Piccadilly Circus. At any hour of the day or night you can see little groups of men around the lobby

in whispered conversation about their "deals."

Most of them carry briefcases full of bundles of pound banknotes, wherever they go. A big operator thinks nothing of having 100 thousand dollars in cash with him so he can consummate deals that crop up.

One Black Market operator, well known in theatrical circles, claims to have netted half a million dollars since the war began.

But the British public, slow to wrath, is finally getting deeply aroused by all this sort of business. Hardly a day goes by without flaming headlines in the newspapers and bitter speeches from the floor of Parliament.

Robert St. John had an early introduction to adventure when he went to France at the age of 16 in the first World War. Later as editor of a Cicero, Illinois weekly, he saw action of a different kind when Ralph Capone's gangsters beat him up and left him for dead in a ditch. Since 1939 he has covered the European war fronts as an A. P. correspondent, and now does nightly broadcasts for N.B.C. from London.



You Must Have Heard

¶ . . . about the Hollywood producer who walks around his office with his shoes off, and insists that in his pictures every time a husband comes home he must kiss his wife on the forehead—"else the audience won't believe they're married."

¶ . . . about the producer who, when told that a set would cost \$40,000, lamented: "Forty thousand here—forty thousand there. Say, it adds up!"

—LEO C. ROSTEN, *Hollywood* (Harcourt, Brace & Company)

Coronet Quiz:

Sharpen your pencil, dust off your thinking cap, and see what sort of knack you have at making big words out of little ones

Game of Anagrams

IF YOU ARE an expert at that piratical word game known as Anagrams, you have a head start toward a perfect score on this quiz. But even if you've never played before, it shouldn't take long to sharpen your verbal wit to the necessary cutting point.

Each question gives you a word followed by a definition of a second word. It is your task to ascertain what that second word is, remembering that it must be formed by using all of the letters in the first word plus just one additional letter. *Example:* TIDY—unclean. What word uses all of the letters in "tidy" plus one other and means "unclean"? The answer is DIRTY.

A score of 60 or more is fair, 70 or more is good, and over 80 excellent. Answers will be found on page 155.

1. SEAL —pilfer
2. ARMY—to wed
3. REED—put off or procrastinate
4. SEND —thick or compact
5. DUTY—to acquire knowledge
6. CHUM—to chew
7. BALK—desolate or unsheltered
8. DUDE—fooled
9. TURN—shock or onslaught
10. ONCE—light boat
11. OPEN—instrument for communication
12. JUST —tournament
13. CHOP—veranda
14. TILE —name or designation
15. FACE —small plane surface
16. BEAT—animal cry
17. VALE—umbilicus
18. DOVE—shifted
19. TAME—paired or matched
20. SOME—small particles

21. MULE—monkey-like animal
22. SOAR—to cook
23. BITE—clan
24. LANK—joint of the body
25. NOSE—piece of rock
26. FRAME—agriculturist
27. RITES—to hit
28. AMUSE—to suppose
29. SMILE—figure of speech
30. LEARN—horn
31. BREAK—drinking cup
32. CLEAN—source of illumination
33. LINES—aged
34. MEANT—cloak
35. DRONE—seller
36. REACH—to rush or attack
37. TRIES—elongated mark
38. GLEAN—fisherman
39. ROPED—type of cosmetic
40. WASTE—to swaddle
41. HARSH—to flail
42. FIERY—showy clothing
43. GROAN—a fruit
44. PRIME—imperial domain
45. TAINT—to achieve
46. MOTTO—deepest part
47. THANE—triumphal song or hymn
48. STEEL—pharmacist's implement
49. QUEEN—pertaining to a quadruped
50. VOTER—to rebel

Vanishing Craft

ACCORDING TO Rudolph Olsen, one of Manhattan's four violin makers and one of the last of the small number of such individual craftsmen, the making of a violin embodies sculpture, architectural principles and acoustical principles. The average violin, he says, is built of from 80 to 125 separate pieces held together by glue only. Although it weighs less than a pound, it must be so constructed as to stand up under a pressure of 75 to 85 pounds, which is the pressure exerted by the four strings at concert pitch. Light, sturdy woods specially selected for a beautiful patina must be used. Usually Olsen makes the top of a violin of spruce; the back, sides, scroll and neck of curly maple.

The woods have to be cut, shaved, curved and glued together with the utmost precision and care; after which the assembled instrument is given from

12 to 15 coats of varnish, from canary yellow to crimson red and brown, as well as some colorless ones.

In making one violin he uses 45 or 50 different tools, although he keeps more than 400 of them in stock for work on other string instruments and for special jobs. He has 35 types of clamps, 18 different kinds of gougers, 12 varieties of planes ranging from a size of two feet to some as small as a fingernail, and as many types of scrapers. Other tools include calipers sensitive enough to measure the thickness of cigarette paper, a hand inlayer that cuts a groove 1/48th of an inch wide, and a mirror with which he can see the inside of the violin without cracking it open. He even has facilities for making plaster casts of individual chins for chin-rests. Some of the instruments that have lain on his work bench were worth \$10,000, \$25,000, \$35,000.

—MARIO COLLACI

It floats through the air with the greatest of ease—that's the opinion of 100,000 fliers whose happy landings depended on a parachute



Heavenly Umbrellas

by DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

WAY BACK IN 1912 a dare-devil pilot made the first successful leap from an airplane. Today every man with his head in the clouds is likely to have a 'chute on his back. Fighting pilots, their craft shot to pieces, "hit the silk" and live to fight again. In modern warfare, parachute troops drop from the sky to start some new offensive. And test pilots after ripping their planes apart to see how good they are, leap to safety, their know-why spared to help build safer planes.

Take, for example, Lee Gehlbach who flew the sleek Grumman Navy fighter XF3F-1 high up over the Navy proving grounds in Virginia for its final tests, and whipped the ship into a deadly spin from which it never recovered. For 10,000 feet he let her whirl dizzily, then he jumped to a safe landing, as the 100,000 dollar experimental ship splattered itself into a pine

tree. Only Gehlbach knew what was wrong and said so in his report to the Grumman Company. The result was a new, improved model which turned out to be the deadly Wildcat fighter, one of our Navy's best. That plane flew circles around the Jap Zeros over the Marshall Islands and made possible Lieutenant Commander "Butch" O'Hare's single-handed feat of downing six Jap bombers in one dog-fight.

Today, though war communiques are grim with the figures of planes lost in action, there is a brighter side. Especially encouraging is a recent RAF summary revealing that 85 per cent of British pilots shot down have been saved.

Here are some specific cases: A big RAF Hudson bomber, its wings riddled with shrapnel, one elevator shot away, a tail gunner dead, lumbered back from Narvik and just made the Channel off the coasts of Dover

when it disintegrated in the air. Pilot, co-pilot, navigator and bombardier used their parachutes, splashed into the cold water and were picked up later by a British destroyer. Nine crew members of a Sunderland flying boat on sub-patrol off Ireland were forced to bail out when five Messerschmitts pulled a surprise attack. All were saved.

Yet for those who believed in the potentialities of the parachute, the beginning was most difficult. Many died before they struck on the right idea. It took daring and guts, design and genius to produce the aerial life preserver.

There was that hot July afternoon in 1919 for instance when a young Englishman of the Royal Flying Corps (today's RAF) made a demonstration jump and plunged to his death when the harness broke. That tragedy was significant because those who saw it learned two vital lessons: They saw the jumper's left foot caught in the long rope which pulled the silk from its container and they knew then there was only one place for the parachute—on the aviator. Secondly, the accident disproved the theory that a body falling through space at terrific speed lost its senses, for observers saw the Englishman fight until the last desperately trying to untangle himself. He had perfect control of his mind and muscles.

This was further proved when Army officers at Mitchel Field purposely fell several hundred feet before opening their parachutes. Each kept his senses. And in 1924 Colonel A. W.

Stevens, famous stratosphere explorer, dropped 11,000 feet before pulling the rip cord.

But only one person can tell the whole story of these early experiments, and the pity is he can't talk. His name is Dummy Joe, hero of 10,000 leaps. It was his senseless form that did the preliminary dirty work. Time and again engineers in the research laboratory at McCook Field, first air corps test center, attached some new device to his overstuffed figure, took him aloft and heaved him overboard to see what would happen to the pack which rested on his back, his chest, or sometimes even on the seat of his pants. When something went wrong, Joe hit with a mighty thud, cracked open his wooden head and split his sides, only to be restuffed and stitched up again so he could repeat the punishment.

Sooner or later, though, man had to make the test. It was a tough, former cavalry sergeant, Ralph Bottriell, who put on the first back type parachute, leaped free of an airplane and toppled for 300 feet or more before he pulled the rope which ripped open the small knapsack container and opened his parachute.

THAT WAS the beginning of the present-day type, but Congress was stubborn and skeptical and would not grant sufficient funds to carry on further experiments until a life was saved. In between another man had to die. He was Lieutenant F. W. Neidemeyer, a young, well-liked and capable Army test pilot. Anxious to

try out a new experimental plane, Neidemeyer, forgetting his parachute, climbed into the ship and took it up for a trial spin. During a violent maneuver one wing tore loose and Neidi was killed in the crash. Officers who saw him die said there was plenty of altitude and had he worn a parachute he might have been spared. After that the field's commanding officer issued an order requiring all pilots to wear their parachutes when flying. A year later, the Chief of the Air Corps made it universal and today it still stands. Anyone, Congressman or diplomat, mechanic or civilian, when he steps into an Army plane must wear one of these aerial life belts.

Neidemeyer died, but a fellow officer lived—the first man to be saved in an emergency leap from an airplane. Lieutenant Harold Harris, chief of the flying branch at McCook, was testing a new type aileron. He put the plane into a quick bank and a vibration developed which couldn't be stopped. Harris climbed to the side of the ship preparing to jump. The slipstream blew him off into space. Frantically he jerked at the release

ring. Nothing happened. He yanked again and discovered he was pulling a leg strap. Finally he found the ring and pulled it. There was a snap that yanked him upright and a second later he was floating easily beneath a huge silk parasol. His plane crashed a total washout. Within a month another officer, Lieutenant Frank B. Tyndall, was saved from death the same way. There is a long list of names we know: Charles A. Lindbergh, Jimmy Doolittle, Roscoe Turner, Al Williams, James Russel, Sput Manny and many others, all members of the Caterpillar Club, that exclusive organization for those who have thus saved their lives.

BUT THE PARACHUTE has other uses. Remember the "secret weapon" Hitler boasted when he conquered the low countries? It was, according to some of our best militarists, no weapon at all—merely a full utilization of the parachute. Stealthily, under cover of darkness, Nazi paratroopers dropped from the skies by the thousands, captured vital landing fields and supply bases, paving the way for panzer divisions that rolled in later.

As a result of these German successes, our Army and Marine Corps organized several battalions of parachute troops at Fort Benning, Georgia. Soon, when the big Allied offensive swings out they will be dropping from the heavens on Axis cities, capturing, destroying and writing a new glory. Each fully-equipped soldier uses a special type parachute. A static line attached to the inside of the big transport plane pulls the parachute from



its pack which the jumper wears on his back. Guns, ammunition and supplies also are dropped from the planes to soldiers on the ground.

Dropping supplies by air, however, is nothing new for our Army pilots. In 1923 a group from Selfridge Field near Detroit flew out over ice-jammed Lake Michigan and dropped food and clothing to a village of marooned fishermen. Flyers also dropped first-aid kits, food and clothes to families during the Johnstown and Mississippi floods. In one instance, a life raft and an outboard motor were dropped from a plane and descended without damage. The newest wrinkle is dropping fire fighters, doctors and nurses into almost impassable areas where they can do the most good. Out west forest rangers go through much the same training as the paratrooper in learning to use the parachute. Whenever a watch tower reports a timber blaze they go by air to the site, bail out with fire-fighting equipment and quench the holocaust in the offing. This method already has saved valuable timber lands. Each ranger battalion has its own physician, who drops from the skies and brings aid

Since Douglas J. Ingells is the former assistant editor of Flying and Popular Aviation, it's not surprising that this copy bears the thumbprint of authority. He is young (born in Paris, Texas, in 1918)—earnest (began writing feature stories for a weekly newspaper when he was 13)—and bright (won second place in the TWA national aviation writers' contest two years in a row). In addition, he owned and edited a paper in Muskegon, Mich., and has been aviation editor on the Dayton Daily News.

and comfort to the injured, a method used by the Canadians in the northern wilds for several years.

Types of parachutes vary. Pilots flying our fighter planes wear a conventional seat type, which is folded in a small knapsack attached to a harness that fits like a vest. The pack serves also as a cushion, fitting snugly into the bucket-type metal seat, standard in all our planes. Members of a bomber crew wear the back type or chest type, which are form-fitting and lay flat on back or chest like a life preserver. This allows them to move around freely in small places.

ALL work on the same principle. The jumper jerks a ring in a pocket on the left side of the harness. The ring pulls a wire which zips open the knapsack down the middle. Packed inside on top of the large parachute is a small, toy-sized one with springs inside which cause it to shoot out the zipper opening and automatically fill with air, pulling out the silken folds of the big umbrella. Only twice in the last decade has the principle failed, and it is safe to say there have been more than 1,000,000 jumps, both exhibition and emergency.

The ordinary parachute is 28 feet in diameter, weighs 30 pounds, costs about \$150. Up until a few years ago it was made almost entirely of Japanese silk. Today nylon is the strongest material for this purpose available—the main reason why our wives and daughters have such a hard time getting those new stockings.

Accredited inventor of the modern

parachute is a quiet, business-like middle-aged man, James Floyd Smith, vice-president of the Pioneer Parachute Company, Manchester, Connecticut. Back in 1919 Smith for months sewed parachutes, dropped them from a plane with dummies attached, learned their faults and improved upon them until finally one of his assistants, 22-year-old Leslie L. Irvin, took one up and proved it would work in the face of critics. Today, like Smith, Irvin is one of the leading parachute manufacturers in the world, maker of the famous Irving seat-type parachutes. The company got its name (Irving Parachute Company) when it was started because of a mistake in the printing of the first letterhead, which added the "g" to Irvin's name. There wasn't enough money available to make the change, so he has kept it.

The Army is chiefly responsible for reliability of the parachute. Constant improvements have been made at the equipment testing laboratory on Wright Field, near Dayton, Ohio, where civilians and officers alike under capable Frank G. Mansen, chief of the section, have produced the

best parachutes in the world for our fighting pilots. They have tested, tried and proven every known fabric and know its cost, texture, weave, strength. Also in their endless research they have developed a unique belt buckle that helps hold up many a civilian's trousers; a shock resistant shoe that is being utilized in many of our big factories; a waterproof glove; shock-proof time pieces; non-breakable glasses; a perfected zipper and a close-knit Nylon that is being used in ladies' stockings—all because they wanted a good parachute.

Veteran of all jumpers is Ronald Colwell, who has made more than 700 jumps. After 11 years of it he says: "Accidents are caused by carelessness. The good jumpers die in bed."

And some day, when you can look skyward again without fear in your eyes and are out for a Sunday spin in your new sky flivver you may take a jump. The parachute will be just like the spare tire on your car.

Its true value can best be described by this sign which hangs over the pilots' hangar at Randolph Field:

IF YOU NEED IT AND HAVEN'T GOT IT,
YOU'LL NEVER NEED IT AGAIN.

Page Mr. Ripley

¶Bacon caused a Philadelphia waitress to catch colds and develop rashes.

¶Redheads are more allergic to the sun's rays and to bright lights than brunettes or blondes.

¶Napoleon sickened at the sight of a cat and Herr Schicklegruber can't abide tobacco smoke.

—SIMPSON M. RITTER

*Diamonds—Society's playthings in peace—
become the pawn in a new game of war played by
your old friend of the dock: the Customs Man*



Dragnet for Smugglers

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

YOU MIGHT ALMOST call them a secret army—these men who are the backbone of our border defense. For theirs is the custody of one of America's most important war activities, the drive against enemy smugglers. Today American Customs Service workers keep a victory watch on every mile of our coastline as well as the frontiers between Mexico and Canada.

And dealers in forbidden traffic have learned to fear them—from the opium and narcotic gangs who maneuver their shady cargoes from headquarters south of the border, to Axis agents bent on obtaining vital war materials. For customs men have a high batting average against the lawbreaker and the war has only served to sharpen their wits.

Their slickest opponents, however, are the men from Berlin—desperate for platinum and industrial diamonds. Platinum, of course, is used in the

construction of delicate parts in precision naval and military instruments such as bomb sights and gunnery control devices. Diamonds, as everyone knows, are needed for the pointing of cutting and drilling tools. German war industries are crying aloud for both these valuable commodities.

But since Congress had in June, 1940 passed the National Defense Act forbidding the exportation of platinum and other materials vital to our war industries there was no longer any legal way for the Germans to get American industrial diamonds and platinum.

Dummy trading concerns were set up in neutral South American countries. Sailors with Axis sympathies aboard Spanish and Portuguese vessels were drawn into the ring. They were given brief but intensive courses on the finer points of smuggling—how best to conceal the precious metal in

the form of bars; how to fashion it into rough ornaments so that a Customs man looking for a bar of the metal would be thrown off the track; and just where they could easily purchase the 36 dollars an ounce platinum in the U.S.

Liberal rewards were promised those who succeeded. The lure of profits even enticed a few American jewelers and metal dealers. Getting even bolder, the Germans managed to enlist the help of a few airline stewards aboard the giant planes in inter-continental service.

The funny part of it was that most people, if they gave the matter any thought at all, naturally assumed that the Customs Service would be the one Federal agency that would be able to take it easy for the duration, what with trans-oceanic passenger traffic cut to a tiny trickle.

BUT THE AXIS had other plans and the Customs Service has had to add 600 field men so that it now has a peak strength of 9000. Even in the good old days of comparative peace, Customs had lots of work on its hands. Under its sharp-eyed scrutiny came the typical New York society women who had been told by a continental jeweler of a "perfectly fool-proof" way of getting some diamonds or pearls in without paying any duty on them. These women never knew that the very helpful jeweler worked it both ends against the middle by promptly informing the Customs Service of the hiding place. Before the War, the Service paid about \$100,000 a year to

informers who got a percentage of the fines paid by the gullible.

More difficult to handle were the professional smugglers. As fast as Customs detected and solved one trick the smugglers resorted to another.

Today administration of Customs functions is highly decentralized. Except for the formation of major policies, the men in the field are given substantial authority and discretion. Customs men are chosen carefully and trained in the highest standards of administration and investigation. They rank among the best psychologists of any Federal enforcement group. Their salaries, incidentally, are nothing to cause an inflation scare. Most of them earn around \$3200 a year.

Probably the most colorful and adventurous group of the Customs are the men assigned to the Customs Patrol Service. Their job is to patrol large areas of waste and uninhabited land. They have to remain away from their headquarters for long periods and are often as not in real danger. The Bureau has a large honor roll of Customs Patrol men who lost their lives in the line of duty.

These men can build a fire without matches, read natural signs and be self-supporting and self-sufficient with a minimum of equipment. They wear a distinctive uniform with sidearms and are equipped with horses, autos, airplanes, speedboats. In winter, along the Northern border, they resort to snowshoes, skis and snowcycles.

Speaking of our borders you might like to know that liquor smuggling

didn't cease with the end of Prohibition. Even now it continues, albeit on a much, much smaller scale. There were 3,100 seizures of smuggled liquor last year.

But smuggled liquor, aliens and narcotics are pretty much small time today for the Customs Service. Their main job in total warfare is to prevent vital industrial commodities from leaving this country and going to suspicious neutral markets or to Germany.

The Customs men are working against some of the keenest Axis minds and they are under no illusions that they have dammed completely the flow of vital materials to the Axis; but they do believe that they have reduced it to an unimportant trickle.

One simple dodge of the enemy that plagued the Customs men for a while was based on the fact that no export license was required for orders worth 25 dollars or less. Nazi sympathizers and sharp businessmen who didn't look a profit in the mouth took advantage of this loophole and sent innumerable parcels to neutral countries. Naturally these packages were always worth just a little under \$25. Quite a bit of valuable stuff got out this way.

Another trick was the shipping of merchandise ostensibly as "ship stores" which do not require export licenses. Some Spanish and Portuguese ships suddenly began listing large supplies of condenser pipe as ship stores. For his weak engines, the Captain said. Customs men checked carefully and found that the pipe was 70 per cent copper and 30 per cent zinc and it was

just too much of a coincidence that Germany needed those two metals badly. Another vessel tried to carry 18 tons of galvanized steel wire rope as "ship stores." But the prize for boldness goes to the crew of the Spanish steamer *Isla de Tenerife* which tried to depart our shores with the following commodities, all solemnly listed as necessary "ship stores": 200 fifty-gallon drums of lubricating oil; tons of radio equipment; a large quantity of armored copper cable and, if you please, 37,000 dollars' worth of silk. The goods were confiscated and fines totalling 32,000 dollars levied against the owners, agents and personnel of the ship.

CUSTOMS AGENTS made one of their most arduous seizures aboard the Greek steamer *Stavros*. They took 98 ounces of platinum from the ship's hold, but to find it they had to go through hundreds of sacks of grain. Some of the valued platinum was found in a chain of 50 links worn around the neck of one of the crew.

Part of the answer of how the Axis financed the mass purchases of platinum and industrial diamonds in this country came with the arrest of Werner Von Clemm, New York gem importer. Von Clemm is a naturalized German-American and a cousin of the wife of Joachim von Ribbentrop, German foreign minister.

When the Germans seized safe deposit boxes in the lands they overran, they accumulated a large store of precious gems and gold ornaments for which there was practically no mar-

ket in Germany. So they were forwarded to Von Clemm here to be sold for good American dollars which, in turn, would finance the purchase of much platinum. A neat setup—until the Customs agents clamped down on it and Herr Von Clemm.

Our Customs men also emerged top-dog in a little run-in they had with some Japs. Just before Pearl Harbor when there had been steady deterioration in diplomatic relations between the United States and Japan, thousands of departing Japs crowded outbound Nipponese steamers. Japanese secret agents in this country advised many of those about to make the voyage that it would be wise to take cobalt tool steel bits with them.

Suspicious of a slightly too helpful Jap on the pier, Customs Guard D. E. Tate rocked one of the big cases supposed to contain the furniture and other household effects of the departing Japs. It seemed much too heavy, even for furniture. And so over the frenzied protests of the helpful Jap, Tate pried the lid open and began to inspect the drawers. In all he found more than 3,600 cobalt tool steel bits.

They were cached in bureau drawers, jammed into teapots, in boxes of dishes and even in cans labelled "milk." Naturally exportation of these essential tool bits had long been prohibited.

There followed an amazing demonstration of the workings of the Oriental mind. With all the attention to detail of an Eastern prince negotiating the marriage of a favorite daughter, and the employment of go-betweens and innuendo, word got to the Customs officers that the Jap would pay a modest gratuity if the dereliction could be overlooked. But not a penny more than \$50.

Today the Jap, meditating upon the strange ways of Americans, is probably still wondering why his generous offer was not accepted. A Federal jail is a good place to meditate.

Now and for the duration every one of the thousands of men in the U.S. Customs Service knows exactly what his job is. All of them know full well that they are engaged in a grim battle along the front of economic warfare. In them the Axis masterminds have met a more than equal adversary.

Correction

IT HAS BEEN called to our attention that in an article on America's Mail Order Giants (Coronet, October, 1942) two quotations attributed to Louis E. Asher, long time business associate of Richard Sears, are incorrect. Checking these with *Send No Money*, Mr. Asher's book about the early years of Sears, Roebuck & Co., it appears that the paragraph which "needed a compass and chart" was Mr. Asher's characterization of his own youthful efforts at letter writing, and that the other quotation attributed to him was also rather badly confused.

It is unfortunate that these mistakes occurred and we are glad to make the correction at the present time.

The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"



• • • Electrician Dan W. Fehrenbach of Kansas City lives two complete lives—centuries apart. During his waking hours he fixes transformers and mends switches in the world of 1942, but in his life of dreams he nightly roams in a fantastic yet consistent world of the future.

Each night as soon as he falls asleep he is met by a white robed man of the future, named Teta, who guides him through cities of tomorrow. He is shown endless mechanisms by which scientific marvels are accomplished. One night, for instance, he spent examining a streamlined, plastic-gleaming powerhouse. The power was transmitted by radio waves. Each home or factory had a gadget which picked up power as a radio set picks up music.

During his dreaming in a future world, Fehrenbach has been shown homes, factories, stores, government

buildings and research laboratories. He has seen no implements of war.

Strangely enough, most of the people in this future epoch speak Greek. Fehrenbach became so curious as to what was being said that he studied Greek in his waking life, and is now able to understand much of what is said in his dream world.

—From *Pvt. Francis S. Papp*,
Fort Eustis, Virginia.



• • • On a February night in 1942, Mr. and Mrs. S. Coleman stopped for the night at a small hotel in Selma, North Carolina. Early the following morning Mrs. Coleman dreamed that the hotel was reduced to burning ruins by a sudden explosion.

The dream woke her, and she was unable to go back to sleep. Awakening

her husband, she insisted that they leave at once. Coleman, heavy with sleep, protested loudly that they had not planned to leave for hours. His wife was determined. They departed at once.

A day later Mrs. Coleman called her husband's attention to a story in the morning paper. It was a lurid account telling how a truck loaded with dynamite had crashed into a small hotel. The resultant explosion had destroyed the building. *The hotel was the one at which the Colemans had stayed the night before.* Had they kept their original schedule, they would have still been in the hotel when the truckload of death arrived.

—From Marion S. Coleman,
Little Silver, New Jersey.



• • • Sullen black water lashed a giant American warship as she ploughed under forced draft through the night of May 26, 1942. Seaman Charles Lee Osborne tossed in his hammock. Suddenly in his life of dreams he saw three Japanese planes approaching his ship from the port bow.

They came in high, then peeled off and dropped torpedoes. Two struck the ship's port bow. Osborne worked with his comrades, striving to keep the ship afloat. He had been working for what seemed a long time, when a series of internal explosions rocked the vessel. In the dream, Osborne was certain that these explosions were distinct from the original torpedo hits.

The order to "Abandon ship!" was given. At this point Osborne woke up.

Next day he told a few of his shipmates about his dream. The ship ploughed on. Two days later, on May 28, 1942, Japanese torpedo planes were sighted on her port bow. Two torpedo hits were scored. But the ship remained afloat for hours, until internal explosions finally doomed her.

Only when all hope was gone did Seaman Osborne and his shipmates abandon the U. S. S. *Lexington*, sunk in reality exactly as in the dream.

—From Charles Lee Osborne, *Sea 1-c*,
Bremerton, Washington.



• • • Early in 1936, Mrs. M. F. Mease of Memphis, Tennessee, had a vivid dream in which her uncle appeared and said, "I have just seen your mother (who was long dead). You look much like her." And after a moment's pause, "I didn't eat my toast this morning. I was too tired."

The next day Mrs. Mease told her family about her dream. Shortly afterward her aunt telephoned, and without having been told of the dream recounted an incident concerning her uncle which occurred at approximately the time of Mrs. Mease's dream.

Her uncle had been brought his morning toast and coffee. He had waved them aside, saying that he was "too tired." Then he had leaned back in his chair—and died.

—Mrs. M. F. Mease,
Memphis, Tennessee.

By alleviating their speech defects, this hospital has given 40,000 men and women the will to live a new life with a new personality



Where Grown-Ups Learn to Talk

by DORON K. ANTRIM

WILLIAM C., 36, university graduate, had just been fired from his job as shipping clerk in a five-and-ten. It was but one of a string of jobs he had lost since graduation and all for something he couldn't help. He stuttered.

William had tried everything for his trouble. It was no use and the thing was getting him down. His classmates at college were now successful doctors, lawyers, business men. Yet at 36, he couldn't even hold down a shipping clerk job. "That was pretty hard to take," he said. "Sometimes I thought I wouldn't attempt to take it much longer. Then I heard of the speech clinic."

Three months later William had a sales manager's job and was dictating stacks of letters daily, a thing formerly impossible for him.

William is but one of 40,000 speech cripples returned to jobs and useful

lives by the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York, the only Hospital of its kind in the world. They come here from the far corners of the earth—stutterers, patients with harelips and cleft palates, patients with falsetto voices, even some entirely without voice. Some 70 per cent of them are treated without charge. They come hoping that something can be done for them. And something is. Wonders happen here. They go away talking normally and naturally.

Here's one bright hope in a country where speech disorders are legion. Thirteen million of us have speech defects, most of them slight to be sure, but they impair our efficiency none the less. The 1,300,000 stutterers in the U.S. outnumber the deaf and blind three times. The majority of them are not receiving treatment because proper facilities are lacking. These include the coordinated services

of MDs, psychologists, psychiatrists and speech clinicians, to name a few, and treatment directed toward changing the patient's entire personality. He must be relieved of fear, toned down from a high nervous tension, adjusted to his social environment.

Suppose you stutter, and take the all-out treatment. Here's what happens. First a thorough physical examination that usually proves there's nothing fundamentally wrong with your voice box. Then you are taken to the recording laboratory on the top floor. I was here while a chap of 24, just beginning treatment, was making his first voice record. At the playback he squirmed in his chair as he heard himself as others hear him.

"Doctor," he asked, "can you fix me up?"

"Of course," reassured the doctor. "You're not half bad. Listen to this." And he played a record illustrating the outboard motor type of stuttering. You couldn't catch a word. Then he turned the record over and you heard the same patient after treatment. The transformation was unbelievable. The unhesitating, stentorian tones of a New York senator came out of the loud speaker. The doctor explained that when the patient was ready to leave and heard his first record again, he broke in with the remark, "Holy mackerel! Did I really sound like that?"

Several of the instructors in this unique institution are themselves cured stutterers—and so glad of it that they want to help the cause along. Many of the classes and clinics are at

night to accommodate those who work during the day. I got in one Wednesday. Here's a room almost blacked out with rows of reclining chairs, limp forms sprawled on each. It's a class in relaxation. The instructor is telling the class to count slowly, 1—2—3—4, making each repetition slower and drowsier. I found myself almost nodding at the end of this. The neck muscles were then loosened up, and all muscles down to the toes.

"Now you're a rag doll," explained the instructor. "You're limp all over."

Stutterers are invariably a bundle of taut nerves. The first step is to unwind them. That's what the instructor was doing. The patients learn the technique and practice it daily. The motto, SLOW-EASY, is hung in every room.

RHYTHMIC coordination and control of the muscles—all of them, come next. So here is a large group doing slow, graceful movements to music. "Slow-Easy"—becomes second nature to them.

Another door opens on a class in speech re-education. The members take turns speaking, trying to make those troublesome "Ps" and "Bs" behave, getting criticism and help from clinician and class alike.

All these classes, comprising several hundred stutterers, get together at 9 o'clock in the big hall for a meeting of the Ephphatha Club—it's hard to pronounce on purpose. One of the staff members on the stage calls the meeting to order. Another leads them

in a rousing song. To the tune of East Side, West Side, they sing:

*Try to go slow-easy,
Every time you talk.
Life will then be breezy,
On the sidewalks of New York.*

After other similar songs, the speaking begins. The subject tonight is, "What I Do in My Spare Time." A lad steps up.

"I pu-pu-pu-put in my spare t-time writing po --- poetry." This gets a howl, not because of the stuttering but because of the choice of avocation. The speaker certainly has no traditional trappings of a poet. But the laugh breaks the ice for him. He gains confidence, his speech evens up and he surprises everybody with his intelligent discussion of the difference between English and American poets. Prolonged applause follows him off the stage. One after another, they get up and do their stuff, glad to show they can talk. Well, speaking

Doron K. Antrim is a man who acts on his impulses. One of the most successful happened along on a fine spring day when his city job looked all too glum and he headed along the open road for the hills—and free lance writing. Another involved love at first sight when, intrigued by the profile of a girl sitting in a parked car, he made an excuse to speak to her. That was the beginning of a lot of talk, mostly Antrim's, to which she finally said "Yes." They now have two children. A music fiend, Antrim organized the talent of World War I doughboys, and afterwards edited The Musical Observer and The Metronome in New York.



before a large audience is an ordeal even to many a normal person.

But stuttering is just one of the maladies treated. I visited a class each member of which was entirely without a larynx—the voice box had been removed because of cancer. How can one talk without vocal cords? It's like trying to play a violin without strings. But it's possible, with a lot of effort, and here was evidence. These patients never get a completely normal voice. The miracle is that they talk at all.

Also, there are falsetto voice patients—men, both old and young, with abnormally high voices. Falsetto is usually caused by a maladjustment when the voice changes. It is corrected by bringing the larynx down so that lower tones are produced. I heard the first record of a falsetto and later talked to the patient himself. His voice had become a booming bass.

TINY TOTS and school children also come here to shed their crippling speech defects. They even carry on school studies along with the corrective therapy. The parents of the children attend the parentorium and learn how better to control their own emotions, which have pronounced influence on high strung children. They meet in a sort of round table forum, discussing individual problems and getting expert advice from doctors on the staff and from a psychiatric social service worker.

The medical profession is finding that emotional unbalance can cause heart trouble, stomach ulcers and loss of voice. In the files of the hospital

are innumerable case histories of the last named.

A telephone operator came in one day whose job depended on reclaiming her lost voice. She couldn't believe it when told that the trouble was not with her throat but with her psyche. It happened that she didn't like the supervisor in the new department to which she had been transferred—hated her in fact. Returned to her old department, she had no further trouble.

While OUR SUBCONSCIOUS minds most frequently provide us with a face-saving "out" for our emotional difficulties, sometimes it's just a device to get attention.

The wife of an Italian mill worker came to the clinic complaining her voice sounded "low and funny" and that she had to force it out. Her speech was muffled and indistinct. The larynx was found to be okay. Not so the home life. Her husband, it seems, liked to go out. When she discovered he had a child by another woman, she accused him of infidelity. They quarreled, he grabbed her by the throat. Her voice condition followed.

While her throat had not been injured, her ego had; and she deliberately developed symptoms which she thought should have developed.

Emotional states invariably reflect in your voice. When you're feeling on top of the world, your voice is well pitched, robust, firm. When you're depressed, it's weak, low, spiritless. When you're terrified, you can't speak at all. Tenseness shows up almost im-

mediately. During the uncertain days of the Munich Crisis there was an outbreak of hoarseness and loss of voice in London and Paris. The complaint was so persistent, newspapers called it "Munich sore throat."

Founder and guiding spirit of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders is the ever-present Dr. James Sonnett Greene. About 40 years ago, Dr. Greene, fresh from Cornell's medical school, started practicing in New York and stubbed his toe on his first case. A young lad of 20 stood in his office one day.

"He stuttered painfully," said Dr. Greene. "He told me what suffering it had caused him and begged me to do something. But what could I do? My medical training had given me nothing on the treatment of stuttering. I told him to come back in a few days, I'd find something to help him.

"He never came back.

"Some time later a little old lady in black came to thank me for the interest I had shown in her son. He didn't have many friends, she explained. He never seemed very happy. Then came the accident—or was it? He slipped on the roof. He was dead."

From that moment on Dr. Greene has burned to do something for these speech sufferers. He went to Berlin and Breslau for further study. Returning, he opened a free clinic in New York on a shoestring of a thousand dollars, donated by a philanthropically minded colleague. Wealthy persons who recognized the need of his project, kept it going. In 1938 the building at 61 Irving Place was donated.

One of his early patients, Albert Biglow Paine, Mark Twain's biographer, could never say Mamaroneck where he lived and so moved away. Dr. Greene taught Paine to talk. In fact, made him quite a forceful speaker. The two of them founded *Talk*, a bright, cheery magazine for speech defectives which Dr. Greene still edits.

The hospital he founded is his life. He hovers about it day and night, greeting patients by their first name, patting them on the back, laughing much. He likes to get out letters from his "alumni" which tell him how they are getting on. Here's one from a former stutterer who secured a teaching job in competition with four normal girls. "Even thinking of such a position before was out of the question," she wrote. The doctor likes

especially to recall the sputtering machinist who turned minister. "It completely changed my life," he wrote.

Twenty-five years after Dr. Greene pioneered his idea, he was awarded the medal of honor of the Laryngological, Rhinological and Otological Society for "conspicuous public service in alleviation of speech defects."

Speaking of the work of the institution which Dr. Greene founded, a former president of the New York Academy of Medicine said, "I know of no other institution in this city that has done so much to rehabilitate young men and women."

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF SPEECH DISORDERS
by James S. Greene, M.D. \$2.50
The Macmillan Company, New York

THE ANSWER IS—YOUR NERVES
by Arnold S. Jackson, M.D. \$2.00
Kilgore Printing Company, Madison, Wis.



International Diplomacy

THE HANDSOME, white-haired president of a world-famous advertising syndicate had an impish love of the theatrical.

The telephone rang. "Mr. Johnson, one of our British subscribers is here," said the receptionist.

The Englishman entered at

the far end of the spacious presidential sanctum. As he did so, the executive seized a carafe and poured a stream of water on the glass-topped desk. Dramatically he reached with outstretched fingers.

"Hands across the sea!"

—FELIX MENDELSON, JR.

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Fiction Feature:



Christmas Dead Ahead

by RICHARD SALE

Running a submarine into fog-shrouded Kiska harbor wasn't exactly the way the captain would have chosen to spend Christmas Day—but it turned out to be almost the nicest Christmas he ever had . . . A short story



Christmas Dead Ahead

by RICHARD SALE

AS CHRISTMAS Eves went, it was as bitter as he had ever known, and Bly Halleck was cold. He shivered behind the steel windbreak of the conning tower. He was cold clear through and he felt as if he would never be warm again. He had steadied himself, legs apart, so that he could stand erect without having to touch metal for support, despite the submarine's nasty beam motion. What metal there was had ice on it, which quickly penetrated the warmth of his heavy gloves.

The *U.S.S. Sargus*, one of the newer S types, was somewhere west of Dutch Harbor. Exactly where, Bly didn't know, even though he was the captain. He didn't know, and Jim King, his first officer, didn't know, and young Kinney, his navigator, didn't know. They knew the Aleutians were to starboard, the Hawaiians to port, and the islands of Japan ahead. But they

couldn't put a finger on a chart and say, "There we are."

The *Sargus* had sailed from Dutch Harbor days before, in as fine a flap of Arctic smoke as cooked off the Pacific. Not since departure had he sighted the sun or moon or stars, nor even the open sea. They had arranged with naval radio in Dutch Harbor to contact the Pribilofs so that St. Paul's Island radiobeacon would give bearings. These, along with the Scotch Cap bearings, were all they had to go on, and Kinney wasn't at all satisfied with them.

"Golly, sir," he said earnestly, "the signals from St. Paul's have to cross the Aleutians, and there certainly will be land refraction. I'm not certain at all of our position. I'm liable to put you in at Kamchatka before I'm through here."

Bly liked the kid. He was sincere and earnest, and he never tried to lie

out of circumstantial incompetence. Kinney could have blamed poor navigation on everything but himself, but he blamed himself. He figured a good navigator was a good navigator, in fair or foul weather.

The air was bitter, and so was the sea. Actually, the water was much warmer than the air. This had to be true or else there would not have been the deep and blinding veil of Arctic smoke. That's how it came about—frigid air, warm sea: fog. *Arctic smoke, a phenomenon peculiar to the Arctic or Antarctic*, textbooks said. Which was an unimpressive and unimaginative way of putting it, to say the least.

THE SMOKE was fog, so thick and tangible that when the cook had cut his finger with the can-opener in the galley, he had called to the gunner, topside, to bring down a piece of the stuff because the pharmacist was out of cotton. Yet beside him on the bridge, Lieutenant King, all of him invisible under his hood and face mask except his eyes, which gleamed through the eye-slits, was earnestly watching sharply ahead as though he could see clear to Russian waters. Actually, his own bow was invisible. The salt spray which knifed up from it, cooled by ice-drift and whipped by the wind, always surprised the lieutenant. But he too, like Kinney, was a good man. He was waiting for the moment when a hole would break through the smoke.

Bly, shivering, was grateful for his officers, and for his men. They were all earnest, not a bucket of bravado

in the sub-load, nor an unpleasant temperament. They were in a deadly business, all of them, and they played it straight, despite their youth and enthusiasm. Not that he was the old man of the mountain himself. He had a sprinkling of silver threads among the gold over his ears, he had been married longer and been a father longer than most of them. But he still had many years to go.

The *Sargus* rolled heavily as she went, despite the fact that she was running her full surface speed of 20 knots. They knew, at least, that if they rammed anything in that locale, it would not be American, and the chances of collision were as remote as the hunting grounds.

"Going to be difficult to see anything when we get there, sir," Lieutenant King said. "Probably have to rely entirely on the hydrophones."

"Yes," Bly replied, "if we know when we get there." He smiled wryly to himself, for the only visible thing on the deck below was the radio di-

Richard Sale is familiar to Coronet readers who waited tensely between issues of his serial story, Cardinal Rock. Actually Sale is a peaceful sort of fellow for all his pre-occupation with dramas that flare against a background of war. His spare time hobbies include dabbling in color movies and photography, and scheduling the runs of his model railroad. In pre-war vacations fishing caught his fancy and a 65-pound tuna once testified to his proficiency in this sport. At present, however, war finds him a member of the Emergency Radio Committee of the Red Cross Disaster Committee. This and operating his private station is a full time job.

rection finding loop just ahead of the conning tower, and a glance at it had told him that Kinney was at work again, for the loop was slowly turning, picking up bearings.

It was getting dark. The sub rolled badly on the surface. He had had a long fight against incipient seasickness which he had finally won. He could have submerged and made it a little easier for everybody, but speed was essential; everything depended upon speed. His mission had testified to that.

"I'll send you up some coffee, Jim," Bly said.

"Thanks, sir. No weather for a submarine," King said.

Bly grunted drily. "The submarine, my boy, is a spring flower. It belongs to the era of buzzing bees and budding pussywillows. It belongs to mild weather and clear visibility. It has no excuse being anywhere around the South Bering or the North Pacific on December 24th, anno domini, and if we had any sense we would now be aboard a warm and comfortable battleship, obsolete though the second guessers make her. At least they'll have a Christmas tree."

"So do we, sir," King said, and laughed. "Only you can't hang baubles or gifts on it."

COMPLAINING about conditions was quite correct, as long as you didn't mean it. Bly didn't mean it. He wouldn't have switched stations if Cominch had handed him the *North Carolina* in cellophane. But it was a

cold jaunt, as cold below as it was above, except there was no wind in the main control room. The men at the wheels looked frozen stiff. The hydroplane operator was rubbing his hands briskly, but the helmsman who gripped the rope-laced wheel could not do so, and his face was blue. Only the cook looked warm, but then he was a phlegmatic soul named Wimpey who stole some of the warmth of his electric stove for his hands, a man so unimaginative that he had cursed out the Jap destroyer which depth-charged them off Tokyo Bay, some months before, because one of the charges keeled over the *Sargus*, and spilled the coffee he was making.

"Have your dinner ready, sir," Wimpey said. "Nice hot soup and coffee, sir."

"Serve it in my quarters," Bly said. "And take something hot up to Lieutenant King... You look warm."

"The blessings of being a galley slave, Captain."

"I don't doubt it," Bly said. He stepped into the radio room, young Kinney rising to meet him. Kinney was smiling.

"Much better news this time. Got very good bearings, and by the grace of Marconi and a long skip, I picked up Swiftsure Bank Lightship off Vancouver Island no less, and it only confirmed our position. Here we are, sir, and this time it's true. We should raise Kiska sometime before dawn at our present speed. . ."

"Thanks Kinney," Bly said. "A nice Christmas present. You're staking on this?"

"Rather," Kinney grinned. "If it isn't right, we might plough right into Kiska without premeditation."

"Just so's you appreciate that. Well, a little premature of me, but Merry Christmas to you."

"Thanks, sir, the same to you."

Bly took the chart with him and passed through the radio shack to the officer's quarters, which were the next compartment, going forward. If he had expected a change in temperature, he was disappointed. He took off the big coat and slipped into a lighter one, but he added another sweater to his burden, and did not remove his galoshes.

He sat down on his bunk and put his stiff feet up on the miniature table. Above the table was a little radio set; above that, various papers clipped on a board. Not a luxurious hole. The walls were nothing but the sub's plates, as cold as the sea outside, and lined with perspiratory drops of condensation. Behind the pipes which flanked the wall, the life-jackets were tucked, along with the Momsen lung containers.

A merry Christmas indeed. He took his writing folio from his effects and opened it. The left inside of the leather cover was a window in which was a photograph of Jean, his wife, with the two kids, Candee and Bly, Jr. They were sitting on a beach, all of them as brown as berries, and they were laughing. The picture was comparatively old, circa Pearl Harbor, before the blitz. He wondered how Candee looked with bangs now instead of those copper pigtails, and



whether the Boy Wonder had learned how to whistle yet. And he wondered how Jean was really taking it; he didn't know from her letters. Her letters were too cheerful, trying to make him unanxious while he was away from them.

Somewhere in San Diego on the mainland, Jean was trimming the tree tonight, and caching the gifts beneath it, and filling the stockings; one for a six-year-old girl, one for a three-year-old boy, and one for a daddy at sea. He would like to see that Christmas tree instead of the one aboard, the panel they called the Christmas tree which glowed red and green, OP and SH, and showed when the induction vents or when the Kingston valves were open and shut.

"Dinner, sir," Wimpey announced. He set it down on the table, noting the photo. "Guess we'd all like to be around the hearth at home tonight,

eh? I ain't seen my old lady in seven months, sir."

"I haven't seen my family since last December 10th," said Bly. He smiled sadly. "But perhaps there are others who haven't done as well as either of us, Wimpey. That will do."

God bless the biscuit basher, Bly thought as he ate; it's really hot! It was hot enough to burn his tongue, but he accepted this pain with complete sanguinity, for the hotter he could swallow it, the more quickly it warmed him. The coffee was fine, the soup scalded, and Wimpey had prepared a very fine open-air-pie, *i.e.* a conglomerate stew which hit the spot. After the repast, he felt immeasurably more cheerful.

He called the bridge in the conning tower. "How does she go, Jim?"

"The same, sir, but colder. Dark now, can't even see the scud. Have we been plotted any better?"

"Kinney gave it to me on the nose. We're 20 miles north of where we reckoned and not more than 12 south of the volcanic chain, but I'll give her till midnight and then point northwest for Kiska. Don't want to cut it too fine, this close to the islands. Kinney may have been tricked. Radio direction isn't always a bright pearl. I don't trust it. Don't forget to hang up your stocking, Jim. You can use one of the periscopes."

King laughed. "Merry Christmas, sir."

Shortly thereafter radio in Dutch Harbor gave them a call. The radioman called Bly to the shack. The *Sargus* made no reply to the message,

of course, for radio silence was the order of the day at sea, and to pound the brass even for a single *dit* might ruin their whole stealthy approach. Bly stood by, watching the RM2C copy the code as it beat in via his headphones. It was a nice strong note, transmitted with that strange fine rhythm a Navy op is bred to. When it was finished, the radioman pulled it from the mill, and Bly took it to quarters to decode.

THINGS were looking up. NPR had wirelessly, "Army Air Forces definitely report enemy carrier still in Kiska harbor at position previously given. Essential you destroy. Flying weather bad. Up to you."

Very promising. Kinney came in, and Bly showed it to him. Kinney looked elated, in a sober sort of way. "That's good news," he said. "Takes off some of the pinned-down feeling."

"Yes," said Bly. "That's the trouble with the submarine service. Ninety per cent of the time, you're bound rigid getting to your target and coming back to base. But it has its compensations sometimes, and its thrills. I'm thinking particularly of our little session off Tateyama last summer when we got that heavy cruiser."

"I'd rather be bound rigid," said Kinney drily, "than have to organize another sweepstakes like that one on which ash-can would get us."

"Oh well," said Bly cheerfully. "Everybody lost, which is the way they wanted it." He rubbed his hands. "Rotten weather. Better tomorrow maybe. . ."

There was no break in the weather at dawn. It worsened. They sailed into daylight in the midst of a snowstorm which beat about them white and thick, whipped by the wind. The wind had a voice of its own, unpleasant to hear. With no great need of fresh air, Bly ordered the forward and aft battery vents shut. The Christmas tree glowed predominantly red, the only green on it those lights which said the main induction vent for the control room was OP.

When Bly buttoned, buckled, and went topside, he found the tower laden with ice. He set the men to hacking it away as much as they safely could, without leaving the confines of the conning tower itself. It was death to put a foot on the deck fore and aft. The *Sargus* was awash all the time, the seas coursing across her length white and hard. Even the guys from bow to tower were dainty with icicles, and the telescoping radio mast whipped from the weight on it. The torpedo handling booms fore and aft, and the deck gun, were coated. It occurred to Bly that the added weight was not going to do them any good when they dived. But beneath the sea, he remembered, though they might be forced to the

bottom for some time, the warmer Pacific would melt down their burden so that eventually they would be able to rise. Still, it was a nasty idea, and he did not like its possibilities.

He had forgotten it was Christmas Day until Lieutenant King gave him a hearty greeting. The bos'un below, on the phones, sent one up too; soon best wishes were coursing the ship from compartment to compartment.

"I understand, sir," said the bos'un's mate who stood by in the tower, "that the cook is preparing something."

"Good God," Bly said dryly. "Not another one of those splinter stacks he calls a cake, I hope!"

"He wouldn't say, sir. Intends it to be a complete surprise."

"Good," Bly said indulgently. "Will you ask Lieutenant Kinney to give me our position as soon as he has looped it?"

"Yes, sir."

He relayed this down by the phones, and almost instantly exclaimed, his face suddenly set, "Contact reported, sir!"

Bly nodded to King to take over, and he went down the steel ladder into the main control room. The lad-





der was slippery. Below he joined the listeners at the hydrophones, and donned a pair of headphones himself. He said, "What do you make it?"

"Destroyer," said the operator.

"I too," Bly said. And to the bos'un, "Engines dead slow. We'll make as little noise as possible. Get the bearing on that ship and mark her course. I prefer not to tangle with her."

"Aye aye, sir."

A few moments later, as the *Sargus* slowed in her track and began to wallow unmercifully in the seas, the sound man said, "Bearing is two six seven, sir, and getting strong. He may have picked us up."

Bly nodded, his face saddening. "General quarters," he said. "Rig for diving. Bow torpedo tubes stand by. Set for 10 feet depth running. Damn the Jap, I don't want him."

King and the bos'un's mate came below, and the hatches of the conning

tower were closed. Bly began to sweat. Something was wrong here: a lone Japanese destroyer. He didn't want to take her down because she was ice heavy. The lee of Kiska would give him a chance to hack away the ice before he delivered his attack into Kiska harbor itself. He didn't want a destroyer, good God; they hadn't sailed this weather to spend Christmas at sea for a paltry piled-up destroyer. It was that flat-top they were after, the flat-top without which any attempted excursion to the east and Dutch Harbor would be a farce.

"Very strong contact, sir," said the sound man.

It was strong enough, as he heard himself, for a torpedo shot. The bearing now was two seven oh. The destroyer obviously was passing from southwest to northeast across their very bow. They could have calculated from that sound and probably put one into him. Bly hung on the periscope and took a sharp look ahead, but it was no use. He shook his head, and Lieutenant King said, "I couldn't even see the torpedo boom, sir, from the tower. There is no visibility at all."

Kinney came out of the radio room, red-faced from cold, but his eyes were warm enough. "Captain Helleck! We've overshot; hold everything."

Bly pulled away from the 'scope eyepiece and just stared at Kinney. "Overshot?"

"Yes, sir. Had a devil of a time. Much static, receiver selectivity darned near zero. But we're west of Kiska harbor mouth by five miles, and dangerously close to the island."

Bly looked at the chart. Hell, that explained everything. The destroyer was on patrol at the harbor mouth, and the sub had waltzed past the harbor mouth as if it were bound for Attu Island. "Come about to seaward," he ordered. "Full turn to port."

He began to figure the chances rapidly. Difficult to find the harbor in the snowstorm, but more difficult to get in with good visibility. He checked with the hydrophones, found the destroyer's screws sounds bearing northeast of them now.

He said, "Track her. We're going to follow her in. They may have mined the entrance anyhow; better to take a chance this way. Bring the ship about to course oh four three and hold at half speed ahead. As soon as we get in the lee of the island, the seas will abate. I want a volunteer crew to hack ice."

THEY FOLLOWED on the destroyer's track, the torpedomen in the bow standing by in case an action followed. It gave Bly the jitters to follow astern a Nip like that, for if they detected him or got the slightest bit suspicious that he might be on their tail, all they had to do was to drop a couple of ash cans right off the stern, and it would be a merrie, merrie X-marks-the-spot indeed!

"Give me soundings," Bly said.

As Kinney fed the depth to him, Bly examined the charts. Soon he oriented himself. It was deep water, good water for a live sub.

"Dead slow," he said suddenly.

"Let the destroyer go on ahead. Don't need her any more. That was good luck; no use pushing it."

Kinney's hands were shaking as he held one end of the charts. Bly grinned at him, feeling better. "Bound rigid, Kinney?"

"Hardly, sir."

The submarine had settled down into a much smoother motion, all fore and aft. Lieutenant King reported from the bridge that there was footing on the decks, but very icy. The volunteers went up with their axes and went to work, and by extreme caution they did the job without losing a man, though the machinist's mate, Haggerty, sprained an arm. He didn't seem to mind. "Doesn't hurt much," he said. "Rigging is clear."

They poked into the harbor, the depth-finding apparatus guiding them, with the charts. They moved at dead slow, but there was comparatively placid water compared to the open seas outside. Bly asked, "Visibility, Jim?"

"Blind man could see more than I do," King reported from the conning tower.

"When and if you can see the bow, give me a shout."

"Yes, sir."

They were rigged for diving, but there was no point in going below. You only dive for invisibility, and they had that. There were going to be no breaks in this smoke and snow, not an opening. Nobody was going to see anything, least of all the bow of their own ship.

"Don't dive! Don't dive, sir!"

Bly wheeled, amazed. It was the cook, his face pale.

"Keep your voice down," Bly snapped. "Do you want them to hear every word you say? What the devil is wrong with you?"

"Line's burst," Wimpey gasped. "Main induction vent's doors won't close! Hydraulic line burst!"

Bly glanced up at the Christmas tree. The panel said that main induction was open. "Close main air induction," he ordered.

The green OP changed to the red SH, indicating that the main air vent for the control room had successfully closed. Wimpey stared at it.

"I don't care, sir—" he said. "It ain't true! I was rummaging in the engine room for wiring for something I was getting up, and I saw the pipe had burst. I told the machinist—"

The bos'un said, "Engine room reporting in, sir. Main hydraulic line frozen and burst."

Bly looked at the Christmas tree. It said everything was okay for a dive. But then it had said the same thing the day the *Squalus* put her bow down and never brought it up again under her own power. That was what had happened to her.

"Check the watertight doors of main vent."

The boatswain did it and his face was gloomy when he came back. "Wide open, sir, 31 inches of hole."

With a nod to Wimpey, Bly said, "That will do. Good thing we found it out. It's the surface or nothing now. I was afraid of that ice. How did you happen—"

"Well, sir," said Wimpey, "I was rummaging—"

"Lucky. That will do."

They were well into the harbor. With visibility zero, it was touch and go as to the target. The Army Air Forces had been able to provide a sketchy idea of where the flat-top had been anchored when they found her in Kiska, during the reconnaissance which had started this cold snowswept journey for the *Sargus*. But that had been three days before, and it was most likely that the carrier had been moved. You couldn't just send a tin fish at a three-day-old anchorage and hope it would hit in.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Kinney whispered, "but just how the devil are we going to find the carrier in this muck?"

"That question," Bly said, "is akin to how long beer lasts. There's no definite answer. You might have asked when is a submarine not a submarine. We'd be better off if we were a gas-eating PT boat. What kind of a sub mission is this? We can't dive; we're iced up. We make our approach to the target right in the heart of the enemy and on the surface. We can't see the target any more than the target can see us." He smiled wearily.

KINNEY frowned. "The main induction vent will be repaired in a couple of hours though, and we can dive then."

"I'm open to the idea on your mind, Kinney."

"No idea at all, sir, but just thought that at least we'd be able to sit around

here till the snow and smoke cleared a little and then we could submerge and wait for a nice look at the carrier. Might be days, but we wouldn't have to dive until the weather cleared, and it's a pretty big harbor. With luck no one would stumble on us."

"Some day," Bly said, "you'll do very well with your own ship, Kinney. Sound thinking. But I'm in a hurry, and I'm damned if I'm that cold-blooded . . . Hold her on the present course, dead slow. Jim!"

"Yes, sir," King said from topside.

"Hear anything?"

"Yes, sir, I do. A chugging sound. Can't place it. Quite noisy. Seems to be dead ahead."

Bly turned to the hydrophone operators. "You're picking it up?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you make it?"

"Sounds like a couple of tractors, sir. Quite strong in the phones. Bearing is dead ahead."

"General quarters," Bly said. "Tubes one and two ready with torpedo set for 10 feet!"

"Yes, sir," the torpedoman reported in from forward.

"Rig three and four, set for 20 feet, straight run, no deviation, maximum speed."

"Aye aye, sir," he replied.

"All aft tubes loaded and set for 15 feet, straight run, no deviation, three quarter speed," Bly ordered.

"Aye aye, sir."

The sonic operator said, "Tractor sound stronger, sir, same bearing."

Bly nodded. He smiled. Sure they were stronger. The bow tubes of the *Sargus* were aimed dead on a target which sat in the fog and snow. He had put her on the bearing toward the carrier anchorage the Army had reported three days before. By the grace of Yamamoto and the isolation of this island where the enemy felt it could not be surprised, the flat-top was still in the same place. God bless the snow, Bly thought; God bless it.

"Engines stopped," Bly commanded. Then, as the *Sargus* slowly lost weigh, he added, almost laconically, "Fire one. Fire two. Fire three. Fire four. Engines full ahead. Full left turn to bearing one eight oh. Aft tubes stand by."

Everything happened so quickly, Kinney looked blank. They felt the four dull shudders as the compressed air walloped out the four tin fish, and then nothing. The *Sargus* yawed and came around hard, pushing white water. On the conning tower, Lieu-



tenant King took spray. Bly said to Kinney, "Going topside. Stand by below. Time it. I made it a mile off the target." He climbed the ladder.

It was icy up there in the tower. He looked astern, trying to pierce the snowfall, but it was no use. He could barely see the frozen deck gun, its muzzle sternward, and the twin jets of white exhaust at the stern were completely invisible.

Long time. Bly looked at his second sweep, frowning. But he wasn't worried. He lifted his head, and then they heard the first one. A crumping caroom, followed by the second, the third and the fourth in quick succession, each seeming to get louder and more savage. The harbor filled with that terrible silence which follows detonation, and then minor explosions broke across the wind.

"Bingo!" Lieutenant King roared. "We got something!"



"We got," Bly said firmly, "an aircraft carrier." Into the phones, "Full speed ahead, hold her on. Kinney, watch the depth for safe passage through the channel. Hydrophone operators, keep an ear peeled for any pursuit. Aft torpedo tubes stand by."

THERE WAS NO pursuit. They soon passed through the mouth of the harbor and into the open sea. They went below and closed the conning tower hatches for warmth, as the *Sargus* took up her rolling motion once again and beat for the east finally at 20 knots.

"Congratulations, sir," the bos'un said with a grin that cut his face from ear to ear.

"Thanks, Mickey," Bly said. "Of course we may have thrown four warheads against a beach, for all we saw."

"We didn't hit any beach, sir," said the bos'un. He had been in the Navy 12 years. "You wouldn't feel it through the hull if they hit a beach. They hit her in the belly below water."

Bly thought so. In fact he had no doubts at all. It was the best they could have done, and a pity they couldn't confirm the sinking themselves. That would be left to the Army Air Forces and a clearer day. He glanced at his watch—it was after one p.m.—and then at Kinney's puzzled face. "Come here," Bly said.

They went through the radio room and sat down on their bunks. "It was the snow," Bly explained. "The snow that hid us was the same snow that gave us the target."

"Picked up by hydrophones, sir?"

"Yes."

"Tractors?"

"Actually, Kinney. Tractors. Snow tractors. You see, my friend, a flat-top is not a flat-top when her flight deck is loaded with tons of snow. They have to keep it off the flight deck or she would never be ready for action. In snow, they break out the tractors carried aboard for just that purpose and they set them to work keeping that flat-top as clean as they possibly can. It gave me quite a jolt, the first time I saw snow tractors working on a flight deck—seemed such a queer place for them to be. That was aboard the grand old lady."

"The *Lexington*, sir?"

"Yes, Kinney."

"Well," Kinney said, wanting to be historic, "we made it up a little to her, sir. A very nice job, Captain."

"The fortunes of war, Kinney. See if that cook has done us proud, will you? He got special Christmas Day rations before we sailed from Unalaska."

"Good Lord!" Kinney said, after he had risen. "Look at that, sir!"

They looked through the radio room into the main control. Wimpey was coming out of the galley aft holding a Christmas tree. For a moment it looked like the real thing. It was a short mop handle, stuck in a stiff batter in a pot, and from the mop handle, using green covered number 14 tinned copper wire he had rummaged for, the cook had fashioned a very decent tree with tapered branches. By making a confederate of the electrician, he had managed to delve into the panel bulb reserves and from the branches hung the lights, which glowed prettily when he set the thing on the hydrophone table and plugged it in.

"Merry Christmas!" the cook cried.

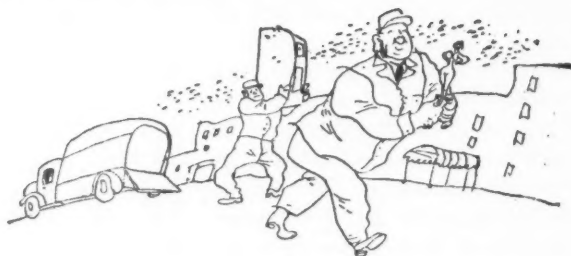
"And a turkey dinner coming up!"

So it was the makeshift tree which had led the cook into the engine room for wire and let him stumble on the burst pipeline. Kinney went out, grinning. Bly looked at the tree and the men and made his face taut, for emotion suddenly crept through him and moistened his eyes. It was next to the nicest Christmas he could have.

Answers to Questions on Pages 125-126

- | | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|------------|------------|
| 1. Steal | 11. Phone | 21. Lemur | 31. Beaker | 41. Thrash |
| 2. Marry | 12. Joust | 22. Roast | 32. Candle | 42. Finery |
| 3. Defer | 13. Porch | 23. Tribe | 33. Senile | 43. Orange |
| 4. Dense | 14. Title | 24. Ankle | 34. Mantle | 44. Empire |
| 5. Study | 15. Facet | 25. Stone | 35. Vendor | 45. Attain |
| 6. Munch | 16. Bleat | 26. Farmer | 36. Charge | 46. Bottom |
| 7. Bleak | 17. Navel | 27. Strike | 37. Stripe | 47. Anthem |
| 8. Duped | 18. Moved | 28. Assume | 38. Angler | 48. Pestle |
| 9. Brunt | 19. Mated | 29. Simile | 39. Powder | 49. Equine |
| 10. Canoe | 20. Motes | 30. Antler | 40. Swathe | 50. Revolt |

Whether it's your baby teeth, a hank of grandma's hair, or just plain furniture—the moving men are ready to haul 'em wherever the times take you



The Moving and Storage Boom

by WILLIAM A. LYDGATE

EVER SINCE Pearl Harbor the storage and moving companies have been doing a whale of a business as America stores its goods and goes to war.

Not that many folks are particularly happy about this moving boom—except the moving and storage companies. They collect for storage at a rate of about two cents per cubic foot for the duration.

For much of the business is getting its lift from the plight of women moving in with mamma because their husbands are drafted. Or from thousands of families shifting to smaller quarters because of income taxes or because a son has gone into the army and they don't need so much room. Doctors and other professional men called to the forces are storing office equipment and furniture for the duration. And most important of all, hundreds of thousands of families are moving to other parts of the country

for jobs in various defense centers.

This migration of families has increased four-fold in the past year. A single New York moving company moved 200 families to Florida in one month. Another, specializing in long distance hauls, was so loaded down with orders all summer and fall that it had to turn down 25 to 30 per cent as much business as it accepted.

In crowded defense centers, particularly on the West Coast, storage space is at a premium. The total present capacity of household goods warehouses is 39 million square feet. By February of last year only about 8 million square feet were left and that was rapidly filling up. Even in New York City, which has no big war boom, the warehouses are 90 per cent full. Summer storage and moving business, usually slack, was last year the heaviest within memory in metropolitan areas. In Washington,

D. C., it is virtually impossible to find storage space. Elsewhere there is no cause for panic yet among housewives. But if large numbers of married men are drafted this year and have to close up their houses, the strain may become acute, particularly because of a wartime shortage of skilled labor in the moving industry.

It takes about two years to train a moving crew. The skill and dexterity required is obvious to anyone who has ever watched a professional at work. Maneuvering a sofa bigger than the doorway would baffle the ordinary person, but the moving man knows just how to do it. He also packs breakables into barrels for a very special reason. If he put them into a box and the box happened to tip over, it would land with a bang and damage the contents. But if a barrel is tipped over, it merely rocks back and

forth on its middle bulge. There's a trick, too, in knowing how to get a barrel perched up on your back without straining muscles. A good crew will stand one barrel up on top of another. This gives the upper barrel just about the right elevation to allow one man unassisted to pull it off onto his back and carry it away. And what about the last barrel—the barrel used as a perch? The mover pushes this one over to the top of a staircase, steps down two steps and pulls it onto his back.

The basic law of the moving crews is to avoid pain. The crews figure out scientific ways to lift furniture, not simply to be ingenious or even for the sake of speed, but to avoid the pain—the murderous stretching of muscles—involved if you don't know how. Even at that, the most frequent occupational disease is back injury, particularly to the muscles in the small of the back. Smashed fingers are next.

William Lydgate writes as a veteran and an expert on the art of moving. Like thousands of other New Yorkers, he shifted living quarters last October and reports



that his wife is still searching for the set of valuable paintings which she "packed away somewhere." He was born 32 years ago in Hawaii; graduated from Yale in 1931, after majoring in history and managing the school paper; and at 22 became a staff writer for Time magazine. Since 1935, he has led a double life—studying American public opinion as editor of the Gallup Poll, and free-lance writing. He has three children and a trio of hobbies—poker, military history, and motor boating.

THE MOST useful gadget in moving is the low square hardwood frame, mounted on rolling casters, which the movers slip under a piece of furniture so that they can push it over the floor. This gadget is called a "dollie," and no mover would be without it, especially in moving heavy pieces such as pianos. Pianos are called "fiddles." A grand piano is especially difficult to move because it is hard to grab hold of. Some movers fasten over it a cloth cover fitted with thick leather handles. This not only prevents scratching, but provides something to hold on to. Movers groan

at the sight of an electric ice box. Like a piano, it is hard to grab hold of, and the enamel is likely to chip if the box is nudged against a door frame.

Few businesses depend so much upon the human element. For the moving and storage man gets about as intimate a glimpse of American home life as anybody can. He sees the grime and dirt behind the piano, the lint and dust swept under the carpet. And he has to work with housewives when they are in that state of emotional jitters sometimes bordering on hysteria that spells moving day. Yet curiously enough, all this moving about in war time has apparently made people better-tempered—which is one improvement.

"Women are not nearly so cross as they were in the old days though," says Louis Schramm Jr., chairman of the Movers' and Warehousemen's Association of Greater New York. "Maybe they're just getting mellow with age."

Yet moving and storage men, for all their experience with housewives, still admit they are baffled at times by feminine psychology. One claims that a certain family spent nearly \$100 moving, just because the wife

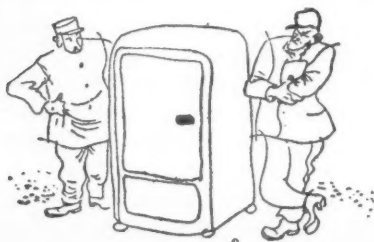
couldn't stand the color of the curtains in a house across the street. Another housewife brought in for storage a collection of family teeth. Each tooth, from baby ones to wisdoms, was neatly wrapped and marked with the owner's name and the date of death.

This same family had 76 broken water pitchers stored in the attic. In one house the moving men found hair combs from the women of the family for three generations.

You would suppose that because goods are stored and paid for, they have considerable value. Yet a very large proportion of stored household goods have practically no worth in terms of dollars. They are stored for sentiment.

"No other business is built so largely on sentiment as ours," writes one warehouseman. "Because you can't bear to give up the rocker where you held your baby, the bed in which your husband died, your old cut-glass wedding presents, and the books you used in grammar school, you—and thousands like you, fortunately for me—are willing to keep these mementos safe."

Sometimes goods are stored for so long that the charges mount up to many times the value of the article. One warehouse reports an automobile in storage, a brand new Oakland which arrived in 1920. The owner won it in a contest and stored it. The car has never been used or run. The storer pays five dollars a month regularly, and has so far paid more than



1,200 dollars. Another has paid nearly 3,000 dollars since 1916 on 13,000 pounds of household goods, and never mentions the question of selling or reshipping the lot.

According to warehousemen, goods which stay for one year usually remain on an average for three. Goods not removed within a year become foundlings, and about a third of them never have a claimant. Warehouses are permitted to sell goods after advertising the sale and making reasonable efforts to find the owner. As a rule such sales are not made until a year after payments have ceased.

If you are planning to move, it is usually wise to pick a well-established company, and when storing household goods make sure the warehouse is completely fireproof (most of them are). Such a company will nearly always give you good advice and take more precautions with the moving and storage of your goods than you can possibly think of. But just the same there are a few practical hints and a few "don'ts" which are well to remember.

DATE UP the moving company well in advance. In these times it may take several weeks before you can even get service.

If possible, make scaled drawings of each room in the new home, and sketch in the position of the furniture. This will make it possible for you to tell the moving men exactly where to place each article.

Extra pillows, bedding and other light objects can be packed into the



drawers of bureaus and buffets, but the drawers should be tightly wadded with paper to prevent their coming open in moving. And don't put heavy things, such as books, in bureau drawers; they might push out the bottoms of the drawers.

If you are going to store some of your things, you will find each company has certain standard methods which are pretty efficient. But you might check up to see that the heavy pieces are placed at the base of the pile, the light, breakable pieces on top; that heavy furniture is not resting on legs or arms, but on sides or back; and that pressure is kept off upholstered, stuffed or leather covered furniture.

Rugs and carpets should, of course, be examined, cleaned and moth-proofed before storage. If you are storing a piano, be sure that it is put in a heated room. On the other hand, furs, woollens and clothing, unless kept in moth-proof trunks, should be placed in a cold room or in cold storage.

In spite of this year's general increase in business, moving and storage men firmly maintain that their

profits are not increasing. Ceiling prices limit their income from storage space—and costs of equipment, especially of labor for moving, have increased sharply.

Because of the labor shortage, the industry is this year vigorously pushing its pet crusade, which is to get landlords to stagger leases.

Moving men can see no earthly reason why practically everybody's leases should start October 1. It puts too heavy a load on the moving in-

dustry. Many families couldn't get moved in time this October because there simply weren't enough crews available, and unless the landlords wake up and do something, the October moving situation is likely to become desperate before the war ends.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

PUBLIC WAREHOUSING
by John Hutchinson Frederick \$3.50
Ronald Press Company, New York
PUBLIC WAREHOUSES IN DISTRIBUTION
by John Hutchinson Frederick \$.50
The Traffic Service Corporation, Chicago



Three on a Match

¶Edward G. Robinson says an old silver dollar has magical qualities.

¶Barbara Stanwyck always wears a gold medallion around her neck.

¶Henry Fonda always crosses his fingers when he sees a dwarf.

¶Fred Astaire always has a lucky old plaid suit laid out before beginning a movie.

—LEO C. ROSTEN, *Hollywood* (Harcourt, Brace & Company)

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1942. State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of CORONET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editors, Bernard Geis and Oscar Dystel; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC.; Stockholders: Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Edgar G. Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Florence Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Louis Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Vera Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1942.
(SEAL) Mabel S. Obenchain. (My commission expires Feb. 24, 1945.)

Alfred Smart, Business Manager

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Beckette:

THE COMING BATTLE OF *Germany*

BY WILLIAM B. ZIFF

EVERY American should read this blueprint for war which follows the authoritative tradition of such military experts as Mitchell and de Seversky. Its lucid commentary on the United Nations' war program to date is unparalleled in current analyses. All advocates of increased air power will hail Ziff as one of the surest prophets of victory in our time. . . . A condensation of the original book.



The Coming Battle of Germany

THE PRESENT armed struggle between the United Nations and the Axis powers is the product of violent tensions. These have caused the greatest revolutionary ferment in history. The fate of nations, of religions, of whole races and social structures, is being decided now.

Out of this war is emerging the fact that no nation may seal in its vitals by a wall of protection. The "rear" has virtually ceased to exist and the "front" is wherever an attacking airplane is. Two-dimensional warfare has receded before a new development—that of cubic warfare.

The airplane has already become the principal instrument of battle, of defense as well as attack. It is the single weapon by which control over vast reaches may be established and maintained. While all other instruments of war have more or less reached

their peak in efficiency, the airplane is in the very beginning of its development. Under conditions such as those which face the United States today, it is the sole instrument of power, the only instrument that can have any major effect in any decisive theater of operations.

Fighting a modern war is largely a matter of logistics. If, therefore, we are thinking in terms of invading Europe, we must deal with the fact that Germany has approximately 9,000,000 men under arms, of which only a few million are actively engaged on the Eastern front.

Actually the dynamics, organization, and experience may be presumed to be not on our side, but on that of our enemies, whose quality in personnel and equipment may hardly be minimized with safety. It is, in fact, we who would have the immense

by William B. Ziff

problem of equipping, training and officering an army which would presumably arrive at its bridgeheads raw, green, untested in actual warfare, the product of a vast improvisation, and beset with huge administrative and organizational problems as pertinent to the course of battle as the fighting spirit and the mechanical and motorized equipment these men would use.

They would face a numerous enemy armed to the teeth with every type of weapon modern ingenuity and industry can devise, who would be operating from interior lines, enabling him to strike with stunning rapidity and power against any point from which we might start operations.

The enemy would be near his bases of supply and would have on hand enormous depots of every type of material required in war, great concentrations of oil, metals, textiles, foodstuffs, and other stores we should be compelled to transport. Even more important, he possesses that basic essential to modern war, a "rear" from which he could draw the ground forces needed to attend his war effort; on which he could rely for quick replacement of parts, for repairs, and for that civilian assistance and elbow room which are indispensable to modern military operations.

Our convoy would be under perpetual attack by airplanes, undersea craft, and perhaps surface raiders as well. Granting that this gauntlet could be run successfully under the very noses of hostile guns, there is little

reason to believe that a bridgehead can be retained even after it has been achieved. Even presupposing absolute efficiency of organization and operation, neither of which exists today, we must remember that we are starting from scratch. No comparison may be made with the successful Japanese assault on Malaya and the Indies, since the Japs were able to come in against these semi-barbaric places with overwhelming superiority of ships, men, and planes, literally drowning out the defenders in a towering deluge of armament. In every case their air superiority was gained at once and was never less than 20 to 1 against the badly armed defenders. This coupled with the initiative made resistance against them hopeless.

Quite a different situation exists where an invading fleet enters an area heavily armed and defended by a compact, populous, and industrialized nation skilled in the art of war. If, for example, our primary attack were to be aimed at Italy as has been suggested, from the instant our fleet of troopships entered Italian waters it would be subjected to a continuous and pitiless bombardment from great swarms of killer-planes appearing in such strength as to turn the contest into a slaughter. In back of this savage air fleet would be an Italian army of 3 million, fighting on its home grounds, and with an expertly organized hinterland from which to draw supplies, reserves, and part replacements. In back of these, in turn, would

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be the German army sitting like a giant tarantula on the Brenner Pass and ready to strike with dangerous efficiency at a moment's notice.

If Hitler chose he could allow the first contingent of Americans to enter the Mediterranean and even to establish themselves, by simply withholding the huge hailstorm of planes which would otherwise surely be brought against the invaders. When a sufficiently large force of Americans had been caught in this cul-de-sac, he could move down through Spain and close the back door, thus in a single operation cutting off their communications and dooming them to death or surrender. The moral effect of such a disaster would be incalculable, and in this sense might prove decisive.

The opportunities for holding a bridgehead, even on the northern Norway coast, are fully as remote. The British, with complete control of the seas, could not do so after the Germans had once established air bases there. Only one good harbor exists, at Trondheim, which it would be suicidal to attempt to enter. Everywhere roads and railways bristle with guns, and landing fields and airdromes are tied together in a powerfully organized defense plan. Norway today is a tremendous fortress, accessible only to hit and run invaders, and certain to be the graveyard of any army which attempts to land and maintain itself.

The situation in France and Spain is worse, since despite our wishful thinking these Latin governments are

dedicated to active collaboration with the Nazi overlords of Europe.

In the Balkans the position is utterly hopeless with Turkey completely unreliable and incapable in any event of holding back the Axis legions for a matter of more than days. The swift smashing of the British Expeditionary Force which had as its allies the brave Jugoslavs and the gallant Greeks, is an augury which cannot be ignored.

The one plan that no one has seriously suggested is that an invasion be made directly upon Germany itself, the single point at which boldness and reckless courage could force a decision.

WITH ONE EXCEPTION the Germans have an overwhelming superiority to anything we can offer in the way of organization, instruments of war, effective numbers, position, and communications. The one road open to us for striking at the heart of the Axis war effort is through the air. Here our inventiveness, our industrial capacities, our technological resources, and our *tactical position*, give us the promise of superiority against anything the Germans can do to throw the scales back into balance again.

As far as the military position is concerned, the governing realities are determined by the existence of the British Isles, only a few hundred miles from the heart of Germany, *as an advance base for our operations*.

It is exactly the same as if Germany were able to base herself on Cuba and Long Island at a moment when we

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were engaged in a savage struggle with some powerful neighbor on our own continent. Imagine that Germany, under those circumstances, were able to devote all her massive resources to the construction of crushing air strength to be hurled at us from these nearby points, to reduce systematically to ashes our railroad yards, docks, communications, factories, warehouses and public utilities—without any fear of effective retaliation. Yet this is exactly our position relative to the German Reich.

The necessary preparations for such a colossal enterprise are immense. They dwindle to small proportions, however, when contrasted with the enormous apparatus required for sea-borne invasions by millions of soldiers with mountains of equipment.

One bomber attacking Germany can do the job of 20 forced to make the long haul over the sea.

Quite different from our own complete freedom of action, the policy of the German Reich is decided for it by geography. Its position on a contiguous land surface alongside of powerful neighbors requires it to keep military establishments of a fixed type.

In all of his campaigns the stern pressures of physical reality have forced Hitler to maneuver so as to capture his objectives whole, whereas we need only consider them as targets to be smashed. Except in cases such as Rotterdam, Warsaw, and Belgrade where deliberate terror tactics and berserk Teutonic fury on the loose

created a blazing hell of all-out destruction, the *Wehrmacht* has attempted to bag its victims intact so that resources could be taken undamaged.

In this sense both we and the English are in a far more fortunate position, a situation the German *Fuehrer* attempted to equalize by his ill-fated adventure in Russia. This was unquestionably the primary reason for Hitler's otherwise inexplicable decision to risk a war on two fronts. By wrecking the potential menace of the Soviet Army the Nazi leader hoped he could free himself from the tyranny of voracious land establishments with their insatiable appetites for oil, men and materials, so as to be able to concentrate his efforts without fear of disastrous consequences, on the creation of that unlimited power he needs to bring the British to their knees.

If England should fall, the wholly favorable tactical position which we now enjoy would at once disappear. Our strategy against the Axis must be governed by a recognition of the fact that we must take the offensive before the emergence of the great, compact Eurasian-African land mass towards whose staggering manpower and resources the Axis partners are reaching. When this fatal point is reached we can forget questions of the offensive, since none will be open to us.

ONLY IN THE coming battle of Germany can we settle accounts concretely with the Axis. The key to

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the entire edifice of the New Order is the *Reich*. If the Nazi citadel were knocked out, Japan would be left in a hopeless situation. Vast enemy forces would place her long battle lines in a relentless vise. Her grip on Asia would have to be yielded almost at once, and an attack on the main Nipponese islands, similar in scope to that which had previously reduced Germany, would force a speedy decision. Our course against Japan would involve during the whole main period of the coming battle of Germany, no more than a holding action, with airplane and submarine attacks endeavoring to cut the vastly over-extended supply lines which now lead out to the south for almost 4000 miles.

We can fight the battle of Germany *now* and win by systematic, grueling destruction over a limited period of time if we turn our energies to the task.

At the present time we are producing several hundred four-engine bombers a month, a figure which will soon be raised to 500 a month.

Here we have a unique opportunity. If we were to concentrate on the output of heavy bombers on the largest scale of which our industrial economy was capable, for a shattering assault on German communications, industry and morale while the Reich is still inextricably engaged in the East, we could certainly well hope that the effect would be decisive.

To implement this program successfully all civilian and military in-

dustries, manufacturing plants and air fields, should be canvassed to see what can be developed speedily in the way of air power if it is given absolute priority on everything, and first access to every resource on the American continent.

The manufacture of heavy bombers could be centralized in the United States. These would be flown over the Atlantic directly to their bases in Britain.

Dovetailing with this effort, the British would concentrate on the building of fighter, pursuit, and interceptor planes, as well as types of explosives that would be used.

The problems of transport would be immeasurably reduced. The only elements in our task force which would have to be convoyed would be ground crews and equipment, replacement parts, and gasoline.

The military principles which would govern the technique, strategy and tactics of this proposed campaign are simple. These are:

(1) Wherever two belligerents of comparable power are separated by a body of water which cannot be bridged, the conflict becomes one of air power alone, so that the combatant first able to develop an overwhelming assault by the use of air strength will, with absolute certainty, finally be successful in grinding his opponent to bits.

(2) A national organism is like any other living body. If the heart or vitals are pierced, the limbs or per-

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iphery immediately proceed to die or dry up. No matter how much territory or resources Nazi Germany held fast in her grip, even were she able to conquer all Europe, Asia and Africa, if desperate and deadly blows were struck at her transportation centers, factory concentrations, and civilian morale, it would mean the quick and complete disintegration of her entire war effort.

(3) All forces which can possibly be brought to bear should be at the point where the decisive blows are to be struck, even at the risk of weakness at other points. An air offensive, to be successful, cannot be a mere harassing affair. It must be an attack in force comparable to any other type of all-out campaign. It must accept the necessity of heavy losses.

OUR CAMPAIGN must rest on a planned operation for complete and conclusive victory. It must not be conceived as a preliminary action but as a knockout blow, justifying a large investment of equipment and a far-reaching diversion to aviation of production now directed to other channels.

Our ultimate goal as the grand finale of the great operation should be a continuously replenished pool of 5000 heavy bombers weighing up to 300 tons each, with speeds in excess of 400 miles per hour.

A sky battlefleet of the proportions proposed, coupled with a readiness to write off 2500 of the craft a month,

would for the first time constitute an aerial body capable of delivering an attack in force, so as to be able to compel an absolute decision with no other important supplementary factors operating.

As long as the Russian front remained active, this growing armada would function in effect as the co-operative unit in a gigantic land-air action. Thus those who have been crying for a complementary or auxiliary front in the West would find their vision indulged by a great master operation on a magnificent scale, the whole action perfectly synchronized with the strategy of the Russian ground troops.

Air power alone, completely unassisted by other arms, could certainly gain the decision. But if a co-operative action, in which all arms are engaged, is necessary to secure agreement, there can be no reason against it, since the Russian armies are already on the battle lines with the major portion of their equipment and will not have to be transported. The conventional view remains that in order to achieve final victory it is necessary to defeat the enemy army in the field, though a study of the last war gives no support whatsoever to this contention.

Germany's armed forces had not been conclusively beaten and were standing on foreign territory on every front at the moment of capitulation. In fact, the war was almost won by the defeated nation through the use of

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submarines possessing no occupying power whatsoever.

The argument that completely self-contained air campaigns cannot obtain a decision because Hitler failed to do so in the Battle of Britain is silly. For absolute and conclusive effect air power must be something more than mere desultory pinpricking. Factories, cities, and communication centers may be pretty badly smashed and the damage still be repairable. But there is a point where cities, industrial installations, water works, and strategic arteries may no longer be profitably repaired. It is at this point that they must be abandoned, and if the aerial arm is to achieve victory it should have at its disposal sufficiently heavy forces to exploit to the absolute limit any success it is able to create.

It was conceded in Britain by military men whose authority the writer must respect, that had the Germans been able to carry on in an increasing crescendo of fury during the Battle of Britain for another ten days, England might have been forced to capitulate. The fact of the matter was that the Nazis were simply unable to accept their losses and continue. Even an unconditional surrender by Britain, had the issue been forced, would have left Hitler with a skeleton air arm and hence helpless against Russia in the East if the Muscovite giant had chosen that moment in which to leap. The Germans could not afford a victory in the British Isles at the risk of losing air command over the Continent.

The failure of aerial assault to break the will of the enemy despite intensive bombing and the employment of systematic terrorism, is attributable to two reasons:

(1) If it is applied to a country of peasants instead of to a highly industrialized nation whose nerve centers lie completely exposed to attack, no great control switch exists by which chaos and collapse can be induced. Resistance then continues on a decentralized or guerrilla basis, as in Serbia or China, a situation whose difficulty increases with the size of the area in which it is operative.

(2) The results of limited bombing in a complexly organized state have been to harden the population and to make its will-to-continue even greater than before. In this case the morale factor is one of contact and ideas, disintegrating finally with the collapse of the controlling social and economic structure.

In its basic properties the air sphere is no different from any other. No case of absolute certainty can be made out for it under all conditions. War here is like war in any other dimension—it is the law of probabilities or the capacity for making use of slight or transient advantages which indicates the genius of the commander.

GERMANY for the first time finds herself engaged in a war of nerves with almost the whole initiative of action on a decisive front in the hands of an opponent. The enormous

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area on which the *Wehrmacht* sits must be defended; the extensive demands of the eastern theater make the presence of air units mandatory, forcing a fatal dispersal of the Reich's air fleets.

The United Nations have come a long way since Goering's pompous boast that he had investigated the situation thoroughly and guaranteed in person that no hostile airplane could ever get through to the Ruhr.

As the weight of attack increases, the blueprint of strategic operation alters. Previously it had been concerned with retaliation, the smashing of key factories, submarine bases and other targets, and the embroilment of German planes which had at any cost to be kept from the Russian front.

With the entire fury of aerial assault unleashed, the scheme changes from one of secondary activity to a primary action designed to dissolve resistance directly and force a conclusion.

There are several methods by which this can be achieved. One is an attempted destruction of the industrial base of the enemy, demolishing his war materials at their source. Factories manufacturing key equipment such as the Siemens Electrical Works in Berlin, and the Zeiss Instrument Works at Jena, can be sought out. The elimination of minor instruments can break the whole chain of action in a great industry, forcing the other portions of the structure into idleness.

An important series of objectives are the electrical power plants already under heavy pressure to expand their

generating capacities under the voracious demands of wartime industries. A secondary string of targets would be gas works, storage places, oil reservoirs and water supply systems.

A project which offers more attractive prospects for quick and conclusive results is the vertical blockade directed at the communication and transport systems which have been the heart of all German operations on the Continent since the days of von Moltke.

An all-out assault on the highly developed network of German roads, railways and canals, freightyards, bridges and viaducts, would, if persisted in, pile up traffic and communications generally so as actually to bring about the failure of the entire German war economy.

The farther the Germans go from their industrial centers, the greater the strain on their transportation and manufacturing facilities. The destruction of irreplaceable rolling stock is an element of serious worry to the German high command. The railway system breaks down continually due to being overloaded. Part of the German failure in Russia represents a crisis in the transportation problem—a maze of congestion to which the circuitous rerouting caused by British bombing continually adds.

Germany also relies heavily on her canal system, especially for the handling of such cargo as coal, ore, oil, and lumber.

By bombing the canal system and

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oil barges which bring Rumanian oil to the reservoirs and dispersal points, and by simultaneously dissolving railway junctions and yards which control traffic to the Balkans, an ominous oil shortage would be brought about.

IT IS CERTAIN that aircraft's striking power is just at the beginning of its development, and that before this war is over there will be startling new forms of design and radically altered tactics, infinitely more efficient and deadly than any now known.

They are in prospect, not only in our own secret laboratories but in those of the enemy. The *Luftwaffe* is already claimed to be using a new rocket launching device which can toss fighter planes to a height of several thousand feet at 400 miles per hour. The use of rockets in assisted take-off enables the twin-engine Junkers 88-A6 to lift an additional load of more than 3000 pounds. The British also are now utilizing rocket-aided take-offs.

One zone of development where we have an immeasurable advantage lies in the manufacture of 100 and higher octane fuel. The best our enemies possess is 90 octane gas, which allows us an additional performance of well over 25 per cent. When we can create fuels of still higher octane rating in service quantities, that advantage will swell to great proportions.

The weight of the attack will be computed by reference to a set of actuarial tables created for this pur-

pose. It has long been observed that results increase at a much greater rate than the arithmetic rate of bombing effort. Doubling the number of attackers causes more than twice the damage previously produced, though the exact relation is as yet obscure. Similarly, the greater the weight of the attack, the smaller the proportionate loss to the attacker. The enemy's fire brigades, pursuits and gun crews are pushed beyond their efficiency points and begin to suffer the evils of distraction and overwork. The beginning of the end is then in sight.

A typical raiding group could be made up as follows: About 600 fighter and interceptor planes with a range equal to the task before them, heavily armored on all vital surfaces and possessing the superiority in firepower essential for temporary control of the air over the site of operations. Fast single-seaters working in co-ordination with big multiple-engine fighters carrying heavy cannon, would dart in and out of position in a tactical scheme calculated to cover the operations of the super-bombers at the center and to protect all "blind spots" by maneuver.

In our hypothetical formations there would be 20 such great flying bombloads. Each would carry 50 tons or more of high explosives. Along with them would be 150 medium bombers bearing 20 tons apiece, and 300 light bombers carrying five tons per machine. This would provide an ap-

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proximate load of 5500 tons of annihilating fury for a single raid. Such a devastating barrage of demolition would cut any possible series of targets into ribbons, leaving nothing standing and nothing alive in its path.

THE SCHEME OF ACTION and tactical possibilities which present themselves have been given here merely in outline. There are many variations and refinements of technique which would be worked out by the applying military mind.

One method, should the use of gas ever be instituted in this war as has been threatened, would be to serve general notice of evacuation on a list of industrial cities. Lightning raids would then be made against these in co-ordination with a number of feinting attacks, so that it would be impossible for the enemy to know where the main weight of the assault was to fall. The anti-artillery planes would then move in, selecting those spots known to harbor anti-aircraft guns and plastering them with mustard gas. The combination of high explosives and chemical bombs is an extremely able team when the mission is to destroy and to prevent rehandling or rebuilding.

Synchronized with this entire performance, the technique of dropping quantities of leaflets would be reinvented. This barrage would call attention in cold and inexorable phrases to the fact that this terrible assault was all coming from America, whose pro-

ductive energies were not being sapped by any counter-assault; that much more was coming where this came from, and that the attack would continue in geometrical progression until the Germans had decided that they had enough and quit.

These leaflets would point out at the same time, the false claims by Hitler that the Russians were already conquered and that the war would be over in 1941, or the assertions of Goering that hostile airplanes would only bomb Berlin over his dead body. The German people themselves should be boldly identified with the nauseating cruelties of the Nazi system, so as to fasten on them a guilt psychosis and feeling of inevitable punishment and retribution—probably the most destructive and enervating type of group deterioration which can be developed. All this would be swiftly communicated like an evil miasma to the soldier in the front lines and would have an increasingly grave effect on German morale and fighting spirit.

It should be remembered that the Germans are already a shell-shocked people. They have passed through enormous revolutionary changes in which great elements of the population have been suppressed and their activities strangled—the Lutherans, Catholics, Socialists, Democrats, Free Trades Unions, business men, aristocrats, manufacturers and others. At the moment all Germany is in the hysterical position of visualizing unlimited success, the triumph of the

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herrenrasse, but at the first sign of real disaster the neuroticism, the inner turmoil, the wild fears and hatreds of these people, will boil to the surface. Air operations properly conceived and used, can pry the lid off this Pandora's box.

Once psychological deterioration sets in within a highly organized industrial society its strength as a cohesive unit is finished. A whole city can be taken under these circumstances even though the army is intact, as when the little minority of the Bolsheviks took over Leningrad in 1917, or when a mere handful of intellectual young Turks seized the government at Constantinople against the apathetic Sultan and his retinue.

There is a very reasonable possibility of a savagely vindictive fifth column group rising out of the residue of pre-Nazi Germany, which could be relied upon as a co-operating element. An operation which envisaged the landing of half a million or even a million men under these conditions, would be easily within the power of our armed forces. This expeditionary force would not be primarily an army of invasion but one of occupation. It would not fight its way in from bridge-heads on the coasts but would be landed in the very center of the country, basing itself on airports and other strategic centers.

This entire plan of procedure presupposes that a general command of the air over Germany will not be attained until the very end, and that

attacks would be in the nature of forays involving temporary rule of the skies over localized areas.

This estimate of the situation undoubtedly errs on the side of conservatism. Certainly if absolute command of the skies over Germany can once be established, all schemes of maneuver become pale and superfluous. The situation would, under those circumstances, be completely dominated by naked air power in the hands of the Allied generals. The Third Reich would then be doomed.

ONE OF THE MAIN problems involved in an intensive drive by air against the Germans is that of transportation, particularly as it concerns the question of an assured fuel supply. A Flying Fortress may consume more than 10 thousand gallons of oil in 24 hours. A fleet of 1000 planes of all required types might involve a fuel expenditure up to 12 thousand tons for a single night's operation.

The day is swiftly coming, and it is here now if we so will it, when all important long distance hauling will be done by airplanes, enormous craft stripped to mere skin and motors for the purpose of carrying heavy freight. We need no longer be tied to the Burma Road, to the gray surface of the Atlantic or to the ice-locked northwest passage to Russia. If we can forego our orthodox devotion to traditional methods we can give ourselves in the field of supply as well as battle, that capacity for swift move-

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ment which characterizes the successful campaigns of this era.

When the time element is reckoned in together with the cost of construction and ratio of loss by sinkings, it would be *cheaper now* to open our transoceanic supply lines by air, rather than attempt to meet the challenge of the submarine by an increased production of sinkable surface ships.

We can today, if we wish, build great fleets of glider cargo carriers which can be hitched behind towing airplanes and cross either ocean with safety, economy, and efficiency. The advent of plastic gliders makes it possible to think in terms of 10- and 12-ton cargo-carrying gliders towed in line. Plastic gliders could be slapped out in astronomical numbers in comparison with the production speed of the fabric-covered tubing type used today.

Grover Loening points out that it takes nearly two months for the average 10-mile-an-hour convoyed freighter to travel the 12 thousand miles from our East Coast around the tip of Africa to the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf. He figures that the type of flying ship now in our possession can carry a useful load, on such a run, of 20 tons. A plane of this type could easily make 70 trips a year across the Atlantic delivering 140 thousand tons of cargo. Without dipping heavily into essential materials, we could turn out 1000 such aircraft a month.

There are also real possibilities for the rigid airships as transoceanic

freighters. General Billy Mitchell believed they could be made valuable as mother ships for airplanes as well as fuel carriers. A rigid airship of 10 million cubic foot capacity, says Admiral William C. Pratt, could carry ten attack bombers "with an efficiency perhaps 25 per cent greater than similar types used on aircraft carriers, at a range of 10 thousand miles and a speed of 50 knots." Such a carrier could transport several hundred tons of useful load over the Atlantic, flying high above the cloud banks. Or it could carry 50 fighter planes from New York across the ocean in not more than 48 hours.

Provision would have to be made to convoy such ships when they came within the known range of hostile airplanes, though if they were to travel in flotillas, one might be constituted as an aircraft carrier and the others merely as cargo transports, thus making themselves self-sufficient as a protective unit.

The creation of a vast air carrier organization would relieve the big ships of the Navy from convoy work, allowing them to resume other functions for which they are fitted. It would furnish us with a secure, flexible supply line together with an invaluable body of trained pilots, mechanics, meteorologists and radio operators. It would give this country immediate command of circumglobular transportation and with it a mobility and freedom of operation.

With an air force of shattering

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strength at our command, we will have complete control over the military situation over the entire earth, preventing for all time, if it is our purpose to do so, the re-emergence of such a vicious excrescence as Nazi Germany or Hirohito's Japan.

As another factor of at least passing interest, when the time comes and this bloody contest is finally over, it will be the air installations alone which will have any value in the post-war period of reconstruction which is to follow. All other war production will have to be junked, contributing little to the future well-being of our people.

TO ACCOMPLISH this program and implement it quickly, Air Power must be recognized as the single weapon by which domination may be achieved, and all tactics should be directly designed around it. The principal armed strength of the country would be in airplanes, with all war-making elements organized as more or less autonomous sections of a single unit. To implement an aircraft development project of these dimensions, a rigidly enforced first priority must be given to the air program, whether it concerns strategic raw materials, factory space, electric power, or manpower.

We would discard, then, our present conception of a great mass army in favor of a compact professional army of not more than 2 million men, equipped and trained for the task of moving in after seizure of the air spaces over the enemy's territory has rendered

further resistance on his part practically hopeless.

The Army would be an administrative and policing body, built in part on the new commando principle, capable of extensive mopping-up operations and of complete administration of any territory under its control. This compact mass of professional fighters and administrators would be altogether on wheels and caterpillar treads, so as to give it the greatest possible effectiveness in mobility and concentrated firepower.

The Navy, constructed with the view to being assistant to this all-out aerial attack, would consist of rapidly evolved types of aircraft carriers and a growing underseas fleet. It would become a giant transport organization devoted to the peculiar problems of keeping the sea roads clear, of organizing and protecting the all-important supply lines.

The entire machinery of procurement and combat as it relates to the air should be thrown into one, with direct representation in the President's cabinet. All research, experimentation, development and procurement work should be pooled in a subsidiary Department of Aircraft Production. There should be a single system of factory inspection, one standard for fuels and lubricants, and a unification of airport control. Training programs including that for paratroops and air infantry would come under a single related Bureau.

The recent Army reorganization is

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a fine example of streamlined co-ordination between air and ground staffs, with an enormous amount of emphasis placed on the Air Forces, a recognition which could hardly be more complete. But the airplane continues to remain subordinate to Army needs and is tied close to surface tactics. There is no provision for a primary air strategy, one capable of operating completely on its own as a competent and self-sufficient instrument of decision.

Every hour in which its capacity for independent development and action is compromised is a tragic hour wasted.

THE DIRECTION of the entire war effort should be assigned to a single man who has the strength to create one single vital, inspired war machine. He should have unquestioned jurisdiction over every element of the fighting forces and be responsible only to the President of the United States and to the Congress. He should be removable, if necessary, but his work should never be directed by outside or political influence. He should be generalissimo-in-chief, director of Army, Navy, and Air Force, of all procurement, and of the Department of Psychological Warfare.

We cannot begin too early in an effort aimed at splitting Germany from her allies. The nations in the Axis are known to fear and detest each other.

It is possible to lead and direct this huge spontaneous movement which rises out of the instincts and hatreds

of the dispossessed. Agents may be landed among these people by parachute, and they will be harbored and protected. The local populations can be organized into tremendous mass espionage societies if the United Nations so will it. The position of ships, the dispositions of troops, the location of plants, air fields and gun emplacements, the organization of sabotage and even of *franciseur* bands, come well within the possible scope of activity.

It would be useful to tell the suffering victims to keep a record of the crimes committed against them by their conquerors, so that the criminals will be made to pay individually as well as collectively, when the day comes.

What, for example, must be the reaction of a tortured German anti-Nazi hiding out in a cellar in Berlin, or those rebellious bitter men who are putting up a last-ditch guerrilla fight in the hills and forests of Poland, Greece, and Jugoslavia, when they read a document like the Atlantic Charter?

What these ruined people want is hard, bitter talk related exactly to their own problems. "They do not want general exhortations on the subject of democracy. That makes them ill. They want directions as to how they can save themselves and rebuild their world."

To break up German morale at home it is necessary to visit ruin and destruction on their houses and indus-

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tries so that it is visible to all eyes. Instead of appealing to a non-existent or suppressed generosity, kindness, and idealism, it is necessary to work on German fears, on their mutual hatreds and jealousies. They should be treated as pariahs, as beyond the realm of decent human society, and threatened with absolute and inevitable punishment for their crimes. So, too, should the Quislings and traitors in the various counties, who should not be led to believe complacently that they will escape retribution. Then when the Germans are bombed out of house and factory, fear and terror will strike the fainthearted, a contaminating disease when once introduced. The corruption of panic will begin to make itself felt; they will quarrel among themselves and mistrust their leaders' judgment. Each inexorable blow at their cities by our winged avengers will hasten the process of disintegration.

The weapon of psychological attack, the same as any other, should be viewed only with an eye to its destructive power, to its ability to shatter the enemy at every front at which you can get at him. If it is unethical to smash him by every trick of expressed hatred and propaganda, then it is equally immoral for us to build instruments of death with which to splatter his blood all over the conti-

nents of Mother Earth until he submits and yields his infamous design of conquest.

The first rule of war is to destroy the enemy—not give him hope—and any instrument which assists in that design is useful. Possession of the initiative in the psychological sphere almost gave Hitler the world. Its possession is a precious military asset in a universe in which the military, the political, and the economic have merged into one.

If we can fashion our entire nation into one total war-making apparatus from which all superfluous factors have been ruthlessly cut away, we could then bring this struggle to an end within the smallest possible compass of time. Nothing could withstand the weight of our will and of our industrial strength totally applied.

If we strike now, placing our last ounce of skill, determination, and resource into that crowning tribute to American combat genius, the invincible Armada of the Air, Hitler must fall and drag with him the island citadels of the Mikado.

On that day, which is certain to come, the lazy circling of olive-painted American wings over the black, smoldering cities of the Nazi Reich and of Nippon will proclaim a final end to the mad and lustful bid for power by these outlaw states.

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none go just alike, yet each believes his own."

—ALEXANDER POPE

Features *You Won't Want to Miss in the February Coronet*—out January 25th

Looking Forward to February

PITFALLS FOR TAXPAYERS by Michael Evans

Four out of five breadwinners will pay taxes to Uncle Sam on March 15. To help these 40 million Americans steer clear of the XYZ's of tax jumbles, this article presents the ABC's of tax-paying. Evans tells when you may safely count a lost watch, bad debt or gift to charity as deductible—and when this practice is strictly taboo.

THE FLYING GREASEBALLS by Christy Borth

The wheels of war are kept circling at accelerated speed currently by mechanics—the unexpendable men behind the scene—who occupy a key spot in the new world drama. Still in coveralls, they often are whisked off by plane across the Atlantic to perform major operations on tanks and bombers.

New Fiction Feature:

MRS. SIN by Gene Markey

A string of jade and love span the bridge between East and West and unfold treason on a large scale. Spurred by her devotion, the exotic Chinese sing-song girl rises to the world of Brandon Bourke, anonymously furthering his success.

New Bookette:

THE SELF-BETRAYED by Curt Riess



A bird's-eye view of the strange world of German generals is presented in this bookette. Under this order, glory is the dominating force in life. The mask of mystery is torn from these weird figures in this tale from the pen of a man-who-knows.

In addition: With unexpected news popping each half second, Norman Lewis' hints are designed to *Speed Up Your Reading* and keep you ahead of the Joneses in information, please; Edith M. Stern summarizes the effect of posters on national morale in *How Good a Propagandist Are You?*—plus Lincoln's *Letter to Mrs. Bixby*.

New Picture Story:

DER FUEHRER'S FACE by Dr. Hermann Rauschnig

Trace the evolution of der Fuehrer's face during his metamorphosis from humble housepainter to dictator in these dramatic shots. As the Allies thwart his demon plans, lines of fear are reflected on Herr Schickelgruber's well known features.

Watch for the February Coronet—on sale January 25th

**September
Round Table
Roundup**

Should we organize a "Hate Hitler" campaign? William Allen White posed the question in September Coronet. And your verdict? No! You believe—70 per cent of you—that this war must destroy hate, not foster it. We are fighting, you say, not so much individuals as the ideas that have enslaved them—and the main impetus to such ideas has been hate. Many of you asked: *Must we imitate our enemies to vanquish them?*

Here is an interesting reaction—particularly at a time when many top

military authorities are bluntly advocating that American soldiers must develop a bitter, real hatred for our Jap and Nazi enemies.

However true this may be, the facts stand: apparently Americans (as typified by Coronet readers) are not people of bloodlust. Also, we Americans apparently are fighting this war in the belief that victory is futile if achieved in the spirit it was meant to conquer. But above all, your letters tell us that military victory is only the beginning. Any final victory — any lasting peace—must be founded on understanding and tolerance.

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR SEPTEMBER

For the best letters on the question, "Should We Organize a 'Hate Hitler' Campaign?" first prize of \$25 has been awarded to Pvt. Mack H. Webb, Enid, Oklahoma; second prize of \$15 to Pfc. Leslie V. Hubbard, Jr., San Francisco, California; third prize of \$5 to Robert A. Wilkinson, Van Wert, Ohio.

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 24

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of each gatefold subject I have indicated below. I understand that I may receive the Walt Disney calendar, *Saludos 1943*, as my free January reprint dividend by checking the box next to it. For either, or both, of the alternative dividends I have checked, I have enclosed 10c to cover the cost of production and handling.

- ☐ Saludos 1943: The Walt Disney Calendar (no charge)
☐ By His Deeds Measure Yours: Painting by John Falter (enclose 10c)
☐ The Eagle Rests: Color Photograph by Lt. Richard Headrick (enclose 10c)

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Note: Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid to January 25, 1943

The Coronet Round Table

Should Prisoners Be Released to Fight?

A personal opinion by Warden Lewis E. Lawes, former warden of Sing Sing, now member of the Prison Association of New York and adviser to the American Federation of Women's Clubs

LET'S NOT kid ourselves that we're really fighting a total war. If we were, most of the men now behind bars would be out there pitching into the Axis. There are thousands and thousands of men, many with special skills, literally praying for a chance to do their share. Why let this tremendous source of manpower go to waste?

Of course, there are some pathological cases that have to be kept locked up. But at least 75 per cent can and should be called into service. I sometimes think there is more patriotism and spirit inside our prisons than out-



side. Whenever we asked for a blood donor, for example, a hundred men volunteered. Just give them a chance to fight for their country—and then step out of the way.

Should they serve out their sentences afterwards? Well, some will be killed in action.

You couldn't very well put their corpses back in prison. Some will lose an eye or a limb. Would you throw a man back into the dungeon with his wounds?

As for the ones who escape injury, surely we can afford to give them a new chance in the new world they help create.

Do you agree or disagree? Prizes for the best letters!

Today every town in America is being scoured for men for our army. Everyone will be in soon. Should the men in our prisons be exempt—or are there sufficient reasons for keeping them behind bars? Warden Lawes gives *his* personal opinion above. What do *you* think? For the best letter we will pay \$25. For second best, \$15. Third best, \$5. Letters must not exceed 200 words. January 25th is the deadline.

SUGGEST A ROUND TABLE SUBJECT YOURSELF!

Five dollars will be paid for every idea which we use. Mail entries to Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Joy Homer (p. 91)



William Ziff (p. 161)



David M. Nichol (p. 3)



Robert St. John (p. 119)

Between These Covers

- • • Joy Homer has spent 14 months on the battlefields of China as a reporter for United American Relief and has interviewed Chinese leaders in their own language the country over . . .
- William Ziff ranks with Billy Mitchell and de Seversky as one of the foremost air-minded military authorities of our time . . .
- Robert St. John does nightly broadcasts from London for N.B.C. and has previously covered the Balkans for the A.P. . . .
- A Chicago *Daily News* staff correspondent, David M. Nichol has seen many a firing line and is now on his way to Russia to send home dispatches from the hottest front of all.

